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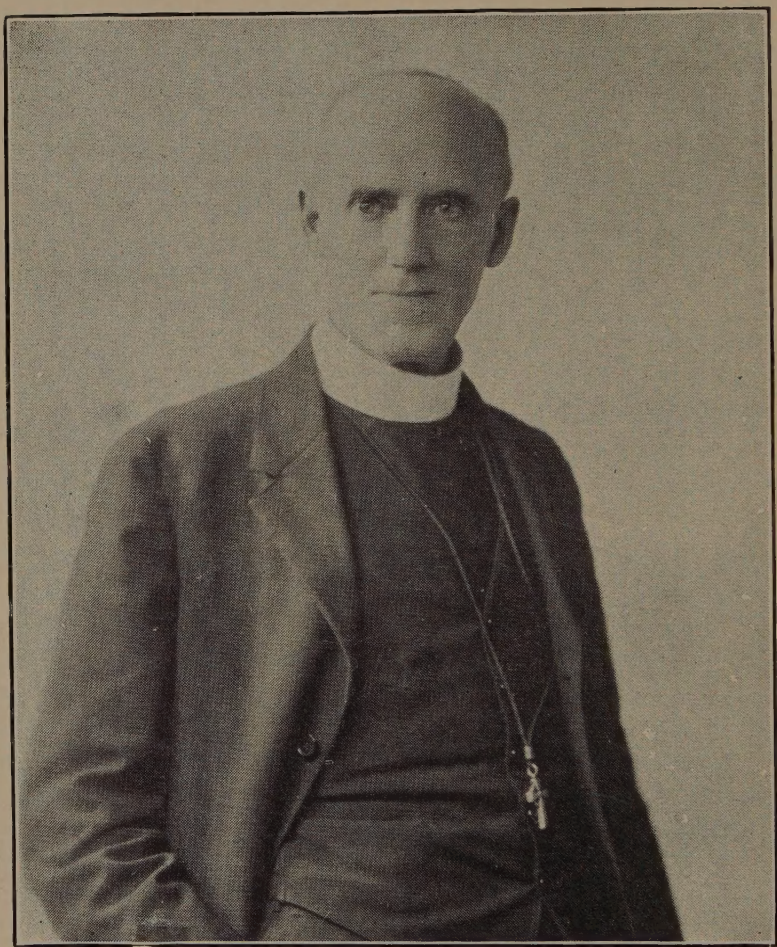
REV. WALTER E. BENTLEY
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MISSION TALKS

BY THE

Actor—Priest—Missioner

WALTER E. BENTLEY

Founder of the Actors' Church Alliance.

Ex-President, National Shakespeare Federation.

Chaplain, Stage Children's Fund.

Rector Emeritus, St. Stephen's Church

Port Washington, L. I.,

etc.



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FOREWORD

The greater part of this book was written last summer while I was on my way to the North Pole to find out what kind of wood it was made of. Writing at sea every day with a bunch of tourists around and no notes at hand is not conducive to scholarship, but scholarship is the one thing I have tried to avoid and the reader will agree with me that I have succeeded. For these TALKS are designed not for the theologically furnished but for the plain man in the Street so he may Stop, Look and Listen, and receive some light and help on life's weary road. In the ninety various Churches in which they have thus far been given so many people have asked they might have them in print that I have felt it my duty to comply. Otherwise they would never have seen the light for there is precious little originality in them, their only striking feature being a plain presentation of well worn truths. This is all the book has to commend it beyond the fact the Talks seem to have helped those who heard them and being printed (as far as possible) as spoken, may help those who care to read them. If so, I shall be justified in their publication and can only say in conclusion—LAUS DEO.

WALTER E. BENTLEY.

Port Washington, L. I.
July 4th, 1929.

SOMETHING OF MY LIFE—BY ME

I was started in the business of life on September 29, 1864. I had no idea of it beforehand for I was not consulted in the matter and now have learned that the greatest responsibilities of life—including life itself—are not chosen by any of us, but imposed.

Sheffield in England—the great steel town of the world—was the place. My father, Arthur Bentley, an artist by instinct, was a designer and chaser in silver. He still lives and is now over eighty-five years of age. My mother, Sarah Elizabeth Cowen was born in Nottingham and was a lineal descendant of William Penn. (If I had my rights I should own half of Philadelphia but I don't expect to get them). They had three children, myself the first born, a daughter who died in infancy and my brother, Albert Edward, now Rector of Grace Church in the Bronx, borough of New York. Life in England was not altogether glorious, for my father's work, considering the skill and taste it required, was insufficiently paid and when I was sixteen years old we removed to this country. First, I entered the music publishing business with Edward Schuberth on Union Square and later left this to learn my father's business and it was during this period I became attracted by the stage. They say there is nothing new under the sun but I think my experience proves the contrary. Did anyone hear of a man who, without knowledge in either field, called to bring the two greatest institutions together, the Church and the Theatre, separated as they had been for centuries and divorced in sympathy, policy and principle? Yet such is the fact. My religious training in England was negligible, so much so it left very little impression. Sunday Schools in those days were a farce and they are little better now or else we should have a better instructed laity in all the Churches.

My parents being puritans (and not working much at it) had the usual prejudices against the Theatre and so as a child I was forbidden to attend outside of the annual Christmas pantomime. Arriving here I ventured to see John McCullough in "Virginius" and that settled it. From that eventful night in Niblo's Garden I knew my place and work in the world henceforth and as I

then believed, forever. After some struggle I got a chance as a super with five hundred others to play a thinking part in which I was a great success. But my parents found it out and that put an end to my dream of appearing in "Sieba," a great production presented in the Old Union Square Theatre by Imre Kiralfy. I was permitted to appear as an amateur in our own parlors in Washington Square and I immediately advertised for ladies and gentlemen to join my troupe. Among numerous applicants I had a letter from Miss Edith Kingdon, who later became Mrs. George Gould. I had an associate in this venture in the person of Charles Bulkley, who was the nephew of General Banks of Civil War fame. He was younger than myself but a born actor, yet how we had the nerve to attempt to train people older than ourselves and present plays of Shakespeare (which we had seen but once) surpasses my imagination. We gave several performances and as they were free of charge they were a great success. The Gem Theatre as we called it occupied the corner of McDougal Street and Washington Square and was (perhaps) the first "Little Theatre" in the Western world. We finally hired a hall in Brooklyn where we gave Hamlet in three acts, followed this with a comedy and finally two acts of Richard III in which as Richard, Bulkley stabbed me, drew blood, and that put an end to our efforts as amateurs and I had to wait until I came of age before I could indulge my ambition. On the day before I attained my majority I appeared as a professional in the company of Louise Pomeroy, appearing as Adam in "As You Like It" (Shakespeare's old part) and Bulkley as Corin and the Wrestler. For years I toured the country in classical repertoire with Louise Pomeroy, Bennett Matlack, Frank C. Bangs, Frederick Warde and several others in romantic drama. Rising by degrees I finally reached the position of "leading business."

During my travels I became interested in the relation of the Theatre and especially the actor to the Church. I found we were tabooed everywhere, in case of trouble or sickness could look to no spiritual adviser, were not welcome in churches and if we were it was to bestow some advice which we naturally resented. So I occupied all my spare time in every town in calling upon the clergy of all denominations to see if anyone had any plan to propose whereby a better understanding could be reached.

Many agreed something should be done but no one had any plan to propose, and as I was in the dark my efforts seemed to be fruitless. While acting in Boston and being attracted by the

building and knowing nothing whatever about the preacher, I fell under the influence of Phillips Brooks, who preached that afternoon on "This is the Will of God even your sanctification". At its close I was amazed and in a maze. Among that great crowd he had seemed to be speaking to me alone and had simply turned me inside out and upside down. (One never knows what a sermon will do. That sermon not only brought me into the ministry but twenty others through me, most of them actors, besides establishing the work of the Actors Church Alliance all over the world.) I had to leave at once for the depot where our company was leaving for Montreal and so I never met the great preacher. But I wrote him from Montreal the next day telling him of the effect of his sermon and that because of it I knew that against my will, inclination and ambition, I had been called to the ministry. Within twenty-four hours I was astounded to receive the following four-page hand-written reply:

233 Clarendon St., Boston.

My dear Sir:

I have read your letter with interest and should be glad if it were in my power to help you by any wise advice. I hardly dare hope that I can do so, because it has not been my privilege to know you or to have any opportunity of judging whether it would be a wise thing for you to study for the ministry. If there were any friends who had been able to form such a judgment and who at the same time were able and willing to help you by providing necessary means it would be most fortunate. As there are not, I can see nothing which you can do except to devote yourself to other labor until you have earned what will support you during your studies should you still feel it your duty to pursue them. I should hope that, by that time, your purpose would have become quite clear and also that you would have come into the knowledge of some ministers or laymen of the Church who could counsel you wisely as to your course.

You can see how difficult it is, even where one knows another well, to give advice upon a subject which so depends upon personal qualities and disposition—and where there has been no previous knowledge it is quite impossible. I can only beg you to remember that while the Church does urgently today need ministers, it is only those who are profoundly and unselfishly devoted to her work, full of the love of Christ, and ready to make willing sacrifices for their fellow men. I advise you to go to some clergyman in Syracuse or wherever else you may be

and talk with him freely. Very likely he may give you some light. Of course I should be glad to talk with you and if you are in Boston you must come and see me—but I cannot encourage you to come here on purpose, for I do not think that I could give you any judgment which would make it worth your while.

With all best wishes, I am

Yours most sincerely

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

This advice was not as easy to follow as it seemed, though it was wonderfully kind on his part to take sufficient interest in a stranger and an unknown actor at that, to write so kindly and so fully. When I later learned by experience how clergymen are pestered to death by letters on everything under the sun I realize the essential GREATNESS of Phillips Brooks. But God knows His business and reaching Syracuse, in a Methodist boarding house I met a red haired, loquacious lady who pumped my trouble out of me and although she was not an Episcopalian she knew the Bishop of that diocese. The next day she took me to see him and Bishop F. D. Huntington accepting me as a postulant, in the fall I became a student in his seminary. There I studied hard for I had everything to learn and had to start from the bottom as I had done on the Stage. I was given charge of a small church which was quickly filled and I believed I was a success. So I was outwardly, but inwardly I went to pieces. First I could not accept the Church idea, then doubts arose as to the deity of Christ, and being honest I packed by trunk, bade farewell to the seminary and returned to the Theatre. For over two years I trouped once more, mainly in Shakespeare, but what I suffered during that time I can never describe. But finally God revealed His will and way and accepting both I returned to the seminary, bringing with me an actor who later became my brother-in-law and who for the past twenty-eight years has been, and still is, the Rector of St. Edmund's Church in the Bronx. Ordained, I spent five years in missionary work in the diocese of Central New York and was then called as Vicar of old St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, where I remained two years and then became assistant for two years to the late Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton. While at St. Mark's the initial idea of bringing the Church and Theatre together came to me and suggesting it to Bishop Potter we had a mass meeting attended by all the leading clergymen and actors and actresses in New York at the Berkley Lyceum. Thus on June 14, 1899 was born the Actor's Church

Alliance with Bishop Potter as President, Joseph Jefferson as Vice-President and myself as General Secretary. The alliance for the first time since the reformation took in all the Churches, Anglican, Roman, Protestant and Jewish and was the forerunner of all the later combinations, Federations and Councils. Fifteen years later the Romanists decided to minister directly to their own people and the Catholic Actors' Guild was organized, and ten years afterwards the Jewish Theatrical Guild. The Alliance was merged into the Episcopal Actors' Guild with the cooperation of the various Protestant bodies and is now centred in the Little Church around the Corner. Thus was I released from the heavy burden which I had carried so many years (committing suicide on the installment plan) and was enabled to take up work as a travelling Missioner up and down the country (as of old) in the Cause of Christ and His Church to which I hope to devote the balance of my days.

WALTER E. BENTLEY.

Note. Those who may be interested in the above brief review of my career will be glad to know that I intend to publish my whole varied and interesting life in detail under the title "From the Stage to the Pulpit" at the same price as this volume and orders may be sent to me at Port Washington, L. I., New York.

HOW THE CHURCH AND THEATRE BECAME FRIENDS

THE ANCIENT THEATRE

Whenever I attempt to speak on this subject, the accomplishing of which has been the passion of my life, I feel like an English clergyman I once heard of who was accustomed to preach from manuscript and found to his dismay one Sunday morning that he had left his sermon at home. Looking confusedly over the congregation he at last stammered: "I am very sorry but the fact of the matter is I have left my sermon at home. This morning I shall have to give you what the Lord sends me, but this evening I shall come better prepared." To deal intelligently with the world's two greatest institutions is somewhat of a giant's task, but I will do my best and before showing how they became friends it will be necessary to show how and why they first became enemies. In pagan Greece before the advent of Christ the religious instinct was expressed dramatically in those open air plays of Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles and the rest. Visit the oldest theatre in the world—the theatre of Dionysius at the base of the Acropolis—and you will easily visualize how the masses grouped themselves in their rude semicircular seats on the hillside while in front were ranged the marble chairs for the priests. The open ground before them was paved with marble on which the sacred dances took place while back of all was a narrow marble parapet on which the actors spoke their lines. The plays were religious performances given in honor of their gods and so had their birth in religion. But being given dramatically they expressed the play instinct which is so closely allied to the religious in every one of us that they are practically inseparable as one can see in any nursery. The intellectual character of these plays was so high they have become our classics and are preserved in our libraries. Then too, this meeting ground of all the people resulted in the retailing of the news of the day, so this ancient institution resembled our modern Church, Theatre, University and Newspaper all rolled into one.

They ministered to every part of the Greek's nature—they

gave him inspiration, knowledge, amusement and joy and their popularity is fully attested by the many thousands who attended. Aeschylus was the prophet of Greece. Instead of writing messages to be read, he wrote a message to be seen and heard, as it was acted before the populace. No Hebrew prophet was more essentially a forth-teller of the truths of God, a revealer of the mysteries of human life, an inspirer of nobler life, a denouncer of wrong, an interpreter of fate than was this prophet of Greece and others shared with him this office.

When, however, Greece fell a victim to the Roman's lust of conquest and became a part of that colossal empire the centre of the ancient stage was shifted to Rome. Lacking the Greek's artistic initiative and love of beauty it presently wallowed in the filth and cruelty of the Roman amphi-theatre and finally perished in the dissolution of the empire. The early Christians were forbidden to attend the plays because of their obscenity and thus the "salt" being withdrawn they sank into oblivion through their own corruption. History repeats itself as we shall see later. Thus the ancient stage passed away and for over six hundred years there was no drama or theatre in the world. Shall we except the theatre of the Orient? You may if you can take the Chinese Theatre seriously, but that is rather a difficult task for the Western mind. Anyway it hugged itself within the bounds of the Celestial Empire and spread no influence beyond. The world knew nothing of it and if it had would have cared less.

Forty-three years ago while playing in Shakespeare with Frederick Warde in the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco I went one night after our performance into Chinatown to witness a Chinese play and arriving after midnight I found it in full swing. The curtain did not descend, the scenery was never changed and the music was barbarous. The property man mixed with the actors giving the audience the "once over" to his heart's content and a Chinese attendant distributed towels to the audience who after wiping their reeking brows threw them back at him as he stood in front of the footlights but all of which made no difference to the actors who never, for an instant, paused in their performance. As there seemed to be neither beginning nor end to the play and around four o'clock feeling somewhat sleepy, I accosted the doorkeeper and asked him when the play would be through. "In about three months" he replied. "Thank you, I'm glad to know it and next time I come I'll bring my trunk and stay awhile." So however wonderful this may be to the Eastern I fear we cannot take it seriously.

ORIGIN OF THE MODERN THEATRE

The modern theatre took its rise within the bosom of Mother Church in the mother land. Religion, which had given birth to the drama of the old world, was the mother also of the drama of the new. It was under her direct inspiration that the modern drama came into existence. Incredible as it may appear to many today, it is nevertheless a fact that the Church was the first theatre, the Chancel the first stage, the priests the first actors and the mass the first play. The modern drama, in a word, is the immediate offspring of the Church. It may be interesting to record the very first attempt at dramatic rendition outside of the regular services of the Church. It occurred sometime early in the eleventh century in a village church outside of the city of Norwich. This church like so many others in the Norfolk Broads was dedicated to St. Nicholas—the protector of property and patron of sailors, etc. (Rather strange is it not that this saint has not been adopted into the American ecclesiastical family where certainly he is so fervently worshipped. Yet we know him too as Santa Claus and that is the reason we give presents at Christmas and expect them back again.)

The priests of this parish were anxious to impress their rude and unlettered parishioners with the virtues of St. Nicholas, and so on the eve of the patronal festival they removed the statue of the saint from his pedestal on the gospel side of the chancel and dressing one of the priests in the saint's vestment they placed him in the niche, putting various chains of jewels and money about his feet. In the morning when the church was crowded for worship two or three lay brothers disguised as travellers entered the church and seeing the jewels quickly "annexed" them and made for the open door and the road beyond when to the amazement, consternation and terror of the worshippers the saint suddenly came to life and jumping from the pedestal, ran after the thieves, caught them and brought them back to the priest to be shriven. Thereafter there was no question in the minds of those parishioners of the virtues and qualities of their saint. Thereafter they were assured he knew his business and "was on the job." Ridiculous as this may appear to us it was the very first dramatic effort to teach through the eye rather than the ear and its success justified the experiment.

It is a far cry from this performance to Salvini's Othello or Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet, but nevertheless this is the road we have traveled.

Whoever the clerical innovator may have been he little knew the eventual effect of his effort. For he was the discoverer of the psychological appeal of the eye as contrasted with the ear. For the eye magnifies—we always see more than we actually see—while the ear is but a drum, it merely echoes. This is the reason at bottom that Catholicism must always prevail. For Catholicism in its three forms, Greek, Roman and Anglican, appeals to the eye and gets beneath the skin while Protestantism appeals to the ear only and hence its inherent weakness. Think it over.

Rightly to understand the primitive relations of religion and the drama we must remember the Church of that era occupied a far different position to that she enjoys today. With us a church is essentially and only a place of worship—a building consecrated to the service of religion. In those days it was far otherwise. The church then was not only the centre of the religious life but also of the intellectual and social life of the people. In other words it was their veritable home because it was their father's house. Lacking many of the social activities and agreeable functions of modern life and enduring a hard and precarious existence, the large mass of people ignorant and degraded as they were, had need of a powerful comforter and friend and consequently the Church tried to supply all that was lacking of pleasure, comfort, refinement and culture, in the secular life of the time. It represented all that we understand by home, club, public hall and place of amusement. She dealt not simply with the religious side of man's nature, she took charge of the whole. She was the practical mistress of this life as well as the guide of the life to come. As Michelet says: "The Church was the domicile of the people. It was the universal refuge, the whole social life of the people was shut within its walls." So gradually she sought to interpret the Scriptures through dramatization and an early instance of this is to be found in the drama of *The Shepherds* where a cradle was exhibited on the chancel and beside it an image of the Virgin Mary while one of the choir boys was placed in some elevated position whence, as an angel he might announce the birth of Jesus. From such simple efforts the truths of Holy Writ were not only read to the people but were enacted before their eyes and from the mass itself by a process of natural and spontaneous evolution, there grew up a religious drama having the Church choir for its stage and the priests for its actors. As in ancient Greece, so here again in medieval Europe, religion had given birth to the histrionic art and little as it may now bear traces of its origin, the modern

theatre is the first offspring of religious worship. Its cradle was the chancel and in the years of its struggling infancy it was nursed by ecclesiasticism and fostered by clerical care.

A clerical friend assures me that today in his village church near Gloucester, England, the rude beams on which these actor priests hung their crude scenery still remain over its chancel. But these priestly dramatists were naturally very literal in their dramatization of Holy writ. Having brought the Almighty with a long beard and rough voice on the stage attended by the whole hierarchy of archangels and angels they had to bring on the devil and his imps and when these gentlemen appeared the fun started. To see the saints chased all over the place by the devils caused such joy and merriment among the spectators that they howled with glee, stamped, swore and raised such a circus that the clergy became afraid that the Church would be secularised, religion degraded and their efforts undone. So the Church made its first great mistake by trying to disown its offspring by pushing it from the chancel to the porch and then eventually into the churchyard outside of the sacred building altogether. The Master has well said, "The children of this world are wiser—in their generation—than the children of light" for had the Church retained its direction and control how different the history of what we call Bohemia would have been. How is it that practically the whole realm of the arts is practically divorced from organized religion? Here we have one answer at any rate. And all this took place we must remember at least one hundred years before the traitor, King John, sold out to the Pope and brought the English Church under the control of the Papacy, where, against its continual protest (witness Wicliffe) it languished for over three hundred years until Henry VIII's action recovered its original freedom. Another factor in this process of divorce between the Church and its offspring lay in the fact that these liturgical mysteries became so popular, their characters so numerous, decorations so elaborate and representations so lengthy that gradually they outgrew the mass and became separated from it and this was the initial step taken in the cleavage of church and theatre. Owing to the immense crowds who witnessed them it was found necessary to perform them outside of the Church building. From the chancel they were removed to the porch, from there to the churchyard and finally from the Church altogether, into the open fields and city streets. From the moment the religious drama passed outside of the Church building it began to pass out of the hands of the clergy. Laymen took hold

—characters like Judas Iscariot and the Impenitent Thief were given to them as the sanctity of the office of the priest unfitted him for such “heavy” parts. The career of the Liturgical mystery plays came to an end with the rise of the Corpus Christi plays towards the end of the thirteenth century.

THE MORALITY PLAYS

These mystery plays again gave way to the Moralities of which “Everyman” which Ben Greet brought to this country is perhaps the best example. The Moralities constitute a sort of missing link between the Church and the Theatre. No longer strictly spiritual they became largely ethical and sought to represent the virtues and vices of everyday life. They were symbolic both in name and dress and the skin tight clothing of the Harlequin—the only surviving character in his two violently contrasted colors—black and white or red and yellow formed a mental picture of the Jekyll and Hyde in each one of us.

When I was a child I was taken to the annual Christmas pantomime. So I went to heaven once a year and this character of the harlequin always puzzled me. Beyond his striking dress he never said a word, but waving a wand and spinning on his toes the scenery changed and how he accomplished it was always a marvel to my childish imagination. It was many years later before I learned that he constituted the missing link between the Church and her child, the Theatre, and he seems to be a perennial institution for if we have no American pantomines he appears on many cigarette boxes. So he is always with us on both sides the ocean. As the Church gradually lost hold the Trade Guilds—the Labor Unions of their day—took charge, but having no buildings in which to give the performances they used the big hay wagons and building these in three stages, the top representing Heaven, the middle part Earth and the Lower Hades—so the whole universe appeared on each cart—they gave them in the open streets. One cart gave one episode and passed on, followed by others in their turn until the city was encircled and the people standing around all saw the play. Then they dragged the carts into the courtyards of those village Inns where the stage coach travellers rested while the horses were changed and refreshments were served. These Inns (which Charles Dickens has immortalized and but few still remain) were then known as Mansions and the text “In My Father’s House are

many mansions" throws a whole flood of light on the various spheres of the world to come in which we shall rest on the road to perfection. As the cart appeared in the yard the travellers would come out on the surrounding balcony to witness the performance while the common folk would stand around the cart as usual. Thus Shakespeare in Hamlet's speech to the players tells them not to allow anything to be said or done in his forthcoming play which will tickle the ears of the "groundlings" and thus spoil the purpose of the performance. The use of this word thus confirms all that I have said. Then too, notice how the interior of our modern Theatre is patterned after the ancient Inn yard. The surrounding balcony and the lower floor (which in England is still called the pit, despite the efforts to abolish it) is an exact replica. When my mother with her puritan training and outlook tried to dissuade me from entering the dramatic profession and finding her arguments of no avail she suddenly said, "Well, if you don't believe me all you have to do is to go down to the Theatre Royal and there you will read the sign: "This way to the Pit." But in this country we are more polite and call it the orchestra and pay the highest prices for the worst seats where you have to look up and creak your neck while in the balcony you have full view and command of the stage and all thereon. But one reason I think is because American ladies are averse to climbing stairs and anyway Americans always prefer the ground floor whether in a Church, Theatre or financial investment.

Thus the drama broke away from the control of the Church and willingly or otherwise the clergy had to acknowledge the independence of their rebellious child. The functions of the Church were found to be different from those of the Theatre and the fatal mistake was made—a pure fallacy by the way—that because their functions were different that necessarily their interests must be opposed. It was with the decay of the religious drama that ecclesiastical hostility to the Stage came to the front. When the Papacy through the treachery of King John acquired control of the Church, Pope Innocent III issued a proclamation forbidding the clergy to take part in any dramatic representations; but Englishmen have never bothered very much about Papal Bulls—they have had an agelong habit of ignoring them or throwing them out of doors and the best sense of the nation even to the present day has never taken particularly kindly to the dictation of a foreign Bishop, even if other parts of the Christian world have been satisfied to accept his claims. The

first line of Magna Charta is sufficient evidence of their position—"The Church of England is and always shall be free." Besides the English clergy rather than being adverse to the religious drama were somewhat too much inclined in its favor. Yet, gradually, the influence which finally culminated in the Reformation took possession of the clerical mind and opposition born largely of jealousy—the preeminent clerical failing through all ages—began to manifest itself. The followers of John Wycliffe—the Lollards—towards the end of the fourteenth century took up the war-cry with no uncertain voice. In John Wright's "*Reliquiae Antiquae*" there is the text of a sermon covering sixteen pages, the whole burden of which is the sin of miracle-playing. But the body of the clergy were loth to give up the work in which they found not a little enjoyment and which so evidently added to their popularity. Even as late as 1516 Cardinal Wolsey, in the Canons Regular of St. Austin, forbade the clergy to become *publici lutores*—common players. And in the middle of the sixteenth century Bishop Bonner issued a proclamation to his clergy prohibiting "all manner of common plays, games or interludes to be played within their churches."

So the English religious drama did not give up the ghost without a struggle. Yet as the interests of life gradually changed from the religious to the secular, the drama coming largely under the control of the laity finally broke entirely away from the dominion of the Church. Then the Stage found herself so to speak—came into her own, as it were and by the transition from the morality play through the interlude to the regular drama she threw aside the merely dogmatic and didactic aims by which she had been controlled and in place of preaching directly she entered her peculiar province of teaching indirectly and ventured for the first time to "hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," in a word, to represent the world as it is.

With the opening of this new chapter in the history of the Theatre its period of tutelage under the Church was over and full grown it demanded to speak for itself and to do its own work in the world.

THE MODERN STAGE

The two first secular plays to be written and presented were called "*Ralph Roister Doister*" and "*Gamma Gerton's Needle*,"

which sounds very much like "Getting Gertie's Garter." These were reproduced last winter in New York at the Cherry Lane Playhouse.

Then came that glorious outburst of genius headed by Shakespeare which has never been paralleled in the history of the world. In the very year that John Calvin died William Shakespeare was born, and what a glorious exchange that was for humanity! Was not Ingersoll right when he called Shakespeare's works—a holy bible—the word of man answering the Word of God? (The two institutions which the books represent are closely allied for the Stage reveals us as we are and the Church as we should be.)

The secular drama really began with Heywood, the writer of interludes who died but a year after the immortal William was born and scarcely thirty years separates the first crude efforts at comedy and the commencement of Shakespeare's marvellous career. During that brief period dramatic art in England reached its high water mark and still forms the apex and crown of humanity's achievement. No wonder that Shakespeare stands alone and is the literary and dramatic miracle of all time. An ocean of thought whose waves wash every shore. No wonder men have tried to explain the phenomenon by attributing his works to Lord Bacon, at once the meanest and wisest of men. But it won't work. The explanation does not explain.

Besides you will not find an actor anywhere who takes any stock in that idea. Actors know by the technique of their profession that an actor wrote those plays, and we know that Lord Bacon was not an actor. Besides here is proof that very few people are aware of. If you take the Biblical quotations in Lord Bacon's works and compare them with those in Shakespeare's you will find that each was using a different version. Before the King James' edition we had several versions in common use—Coverdale's, Tyndale's, the Bishops', the Breeches, etc., and the use of two versions proves conclusively there were two writers. Yet how to account for Shakespeare's genius is still a problem. With all our advance in education and progress in every direction we still cannot equal, much less excel him. We are all, more or less, products of our environment and when we consider Shakespeare's environment, the old sleepy town of Stratford, his little learning "little Latin and less Greek" in that King Edward the Sixth School which was over two hundred years old when he entered it (and it still survives) and his

scant experiences as a traveller, how can we answer the problem? The theory that the Earl of Oxford was the author and because of his disfavor at Court was obliged to use the nom de plume of the actor Shakespeare to get his plays over is an interesting theory but not wholly conclusive. It seems to me we are thrown back on the Irishman's solution when he said, "Well, if Shakespeare didn't write thim works another man called Shakespeare did, so what's the difference?"

Say what we will, the trouble with the whole question is simply want of faith. The world always finds it difficult to believe how any good can come from Nazareth, nevertheless it *comes* in God's good time and in His own appointed way. And Shakespeare came and in the midst of bear-baiting and a thoroughly uncongenial environment wrote those works which have constituted the envy, despair and delight of mankind. Personally I often wonder how far his unhappy domestic situation formed a spur for his genius. Few will deny that the best work of the world has alone been accomplished by the sufferers who have been taught through their suffering, for suffering is not only the best—it is the only school as Calvary testifies. The world thrives on the sufferings of those who love it and give their lives freely for its good. The race's divinest types are always dying that the race may live. Every truth we possess was first read in the blaze of some martyr fire. Every advance whether social, artistic, economic or religious has been won at unreckonable cost. God himself is Love and Loving simply means Giving for "out of the travail of God was humanity born." To win any fight a price must be paid whether it is in the wilderness or upon the mountain top. And believe me, Shakespeare paid the price for had he been happy, content and merely comfortable he never could have visualised the heart-broken Lear or the pale and ineffectual Hamlet. The inherent greatness of Shakespeare's soul is proven in the forsaking of the attractions of the Court and Theatre in the height of his power and his retirement to the quiet village of Stratford as a country gentleman to end his days in peace. He alone could say without contradiction "My mind to me a kingdom is" and he who had so much to give needed but little to receive. And, judging from all accounts he received little, not even length of years for he died in the prime of life and left his "second best bed to her from whom he had found it wisest to separate." My contention is that God runs His world and when our Lord said, "All things are Mine" that He meant what He said. All science, art, literature, and drama are as much parts

of his Kingdom as is religion. In other words everything that benefits human life is essentially divine and anything that degrades and brutalizes it is essentially devilish. Then, too, He added, "I will send the Comforter and when He is come He will take of the things of Mine and will show them unto you." The Comforter who is the Holy Ghost is the Soul of which the Church is the Body and as the drama was born in the Church under His direction and as the Church on its human side was so unwise as to kick its offspring out and force it to seek its independent existence in the world, then the Holy Spirit inspired Shakespeare (as much as He inspired Isaiah, Jeremiah and the rest) and through him gave the Theatre a standard to save it from oblivion. But enough of this digression.

THE PURITAN CONTROL

Now we come to the period of the Commonwealth and the domination of that religious spirit which we know as Puritanism. Now of all the kill-joys in life commend me to the Puritan. Purity would make all things pure but Puritanism has made most things impure. It has destroyed Sunday even while attempting to preserve it—it has made religion suspected and driven thousands outside the Church; it has taken away joy and beauty and love while supposing it was doing the work of the Angels who make merry in heaven and its ultimate effect has been not only to divert its votaries from Art which is worship, to Covetousness which is Idolatry, but it alone is responsible for the teaching that Art is merely a luxury instead of a primal necessity of life. "Life without labor is brutal but labor without art is bestial" says Ruskin, the prophet of Art.

The underlying cause and failure of Puritanism has lain in two directions—its lack of imagination and its sheer lack of humor. What a saving grace is Humor? So saving indeed that those who lack it are alone the "Impossible." And humor is surely one of the properties of the Theatre. But the Puritan will have none of it. When he came into control under the Commonwealth he frowned on both the dramatic instinct and calling, stamped out the iniquitous play-house and strange to say, an actor himself, for "all the world's stage"—he posed as a Saint and made believe he was holy. But that is a most dangerous business. There are never very many saints in the world at one time. For a man to assume the profession of a saint is the

most magnificently audacious piece of acting that the world has ever seen. And it has its reward. We know how Christ denounced the Pharisees—hypocrites, play actors, men who in religion simply play at make-believe. So the actor was denounced, his property confiscated. In life he was outside the pale of the law and in death he was refused burial in consecrated ground. And this silly, inane prejudice has existed down to our own day and generation and we are all, more or less, victims of its influence.

In the austere life of the Puritan there was no place for social pleasure or even temporary relaxation of the most innocent kind. "Merry England" could scarcely have been very merry, to say the least, while the Puritan was in control. Stern and unrelenting fanatics, eaten up with misplaced zeal and looking at life through the distorting medium of their gloomy creed (the creed which made Bob Ingersoll what he became) these grim reformers branded all joy as sin and all beauty as seduction. Art, in all its manifold forms, fell beneath the universal ban; and those who devoted themselves to it were followed at first with abuse and later with more direct expressions of hostility. Political animosity came in to aid religious bigotry and soon the Theatre was in a bad way. This was to be expected. Having taken the leaven out of the meal how could they expect the dough to rise? So the tone of the Theatre rapidly degenerated. The Drama became the outspoken expression and systematic mouthpiece of the basest passions, the mocker of the higher aspirations and the representative of the grossest defects of the age. Ben Jonson's judgment of his fellow playwrights is a strong evidence of this tendency. Nevertheless, the stage, bad as it was, was made worse by the ill-advised zeal, wholly untempered by discretion, manifested by its opponents. Lord Macaulay in writing of this period, states: "The Puritans boasted that the unclean spirit was cast out. The fiend returned to his abode, and taking to himself seven other spirits, they entered in and dwelt there and the second possession was worse than the first." But Puritanism conquered for awhile. In 1647 a parliamentary ordinance ordered theatres to close and gave power to magistrates against all players, declaring them to be rogues and to be subjected to such punishment and authorized the pulling down of galleries, seats and stages, so there might be no more plays acted. This was the final blow and the dark days of the Theatre set in.

This period lasted for thirteen years and ended only with the

restoration of royalty in the person of the Merry Monarch under whose reign the pendulum swung to the other extreme and undue restraint was followed by undue liberty or rather license and we have one of the darkest blots in English history so full of sensuality and excess. (Had I any hair left on top I should part it in the middle in order to keep my mind balanced. Years ago Dave Braham with Harrigan and Hart wrote a song entitled, "Keep in the middle o' the road." It is good sense if we only could always do so. The Episcopal Church occupies it between Romanism and Protestantism and for that reason is the natural ground for the eventual reunion of Christendom so that we may have, what is above all most needed, a reunited Church in these United States. Possessing the authority and dignity of Catholicism together with the liberty of Protestantism she is the Church of the future as she is of the past. For, today, Romanism is top-heavy with forms of thought that every day become more and more obsolete while Protestantism is no longer a protest but an internal disorder.)

THE RESTORATION

Under Shakespeare and his immediate successors the drama had been democratic and had ministered to the life of the people, but under Charles II it reflects the corruption of the Court and so, morally speaking, saw its darkest days.

The reaction came with the publication of Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage." This work is the most famous as no doubt it is the most powerful of all the diatribes which the controversy between the Church and the Theatre has called into existence. Collier, however, did not condemn the stage on a general principle, as he quotes the earlier classical drama as against the productions of his day. His main mistake lay in assuming the fashionable viciousness of his time was directly due to the debasing influence of the contemporary drama, when in reality the cause was much deeper. But the book did great good and it dropped like a thunderbolt into the dramatic world. Society had grown weary of the barefaced immorality of the Restoration. A reaction had set in and of this Collier became the mouthpiece and exponent. Things gradually grew better and both authors and actors began to realize their responsibilities as teachers of the common good. Here again was the Church's chance. How did she respond?

Did she cast aside the antagonism of old and invite the repentant prodigal to return to her bosom? The time had arrived for the breach to be healed, but, unfortunately, the Church failed to see or grasp it, and the opportunity passed unimproved. The Church does not easily change and the dark line having been drawn against the Theatre, neither justice nor policy would induce her to blot it out.

It looks sometimes as though the Church little believed, or at least seldom cares, to practise her own doctrine of the forgiveness of sins. The Stage had been naughty, so it perforce must always remain naughty and no effort at improvement met with recognition or response. She distinctly refused to help her offspring rise, but was never weary of abusing it because it was down. She was not satisfied to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third generation, but she must carry her rebuke and condemnation to the thirty-third.

We admit that the Stage has been bad and to-day is not as it should be, but there has been vast improvement. At one period ladies when they attended the Theatre had to wear masks so as not to be recognized and also hide their blushes at the coarse ribaldry which prevailed and old Pepys tells us that he bought a mask for his wife when he accompanied her to the Theatre. William Henry Hudson (to whom I am much indebted) sums up the matter thus: "That the Stage to-day stands as high as it does, the Stage itself is to be commended; that it stands no higher, the Church is mainly to be blamed."

And why did not the Stage fare better in this country—"the land of the free" and now the home of the dry? Because the same Puritan spirit had got the upper hand. The saner Mother Church arrived here first in 1607 at Jamestown thirteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and her Prayer Book service had been held in 1589 on Drake's ship in Drake's Bay in San Francisco, to commemorate which George W. Childs of Philadelphia erected his Prayer Book Cross in Golden Gate Park. But owing to the Revolution and the unfortunate alliance between the Church and State in England, the Church here could not get Her Bishops for some years and so nearly perished. This gave the Puritans the chance to oversweep the land and so this country is overwhelmingly Protestant as the drastic prohibition law is witness to-day. No matter what Lord Macaulay said Henry VIIIth had as much to do with the founding of the Episcopal Church as you or I have and the *legal* proof of this rests in the plot of ground leased by the English Church in

889 A.D., for a thousand years and when the lease ran out in 1889 to whom did the land revert? Naturally to its original owner, the Church of England. Think it over.

FOUNDING OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE

This unjust attitude of the Church towards the Theatre worried me considerably during my years on the stage and as we travelled along I called on the ministers of all faiths in nearly every place to see if something could not be done to bring about a better understanding. I know much can be said on both sides, but after all a God-given ministry like the Dramatic with its glorious possibilities should be so treated is perhaps the greatest anomaly in modern life. That the Church loves the actor is yet far from true. That the actor does not love the Church is not to be wondered at under the circumstances and to win him to a recognition of his highest need, which the Church alone can supply, is a work, as I see it not far from divine. But in those days I was too ignorant of Church life and affairs to know how to go about it and the clergy I visited had no plan to propose and it was eight years after I was ordained that acting as Vicar in Old St. Mark's Church in the Bowery I received the idea of appointing clergymen as Chaplains for actors as we already had them for soldiers, sailors, firemen and the rest. With this idea, being an officer of C.A.I.L., (Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor) I asked its energetic Secretary, Miss Harriett Keyser, whether C.A.I.L., would not hold a meeting with this end in view. She told me to go ahead and I called on F. F. Mackay, then President of the Actors' Society to come and address our next regular meeting. It was held on February 14, 1899 in the basement of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (of which parish later on I became the Rector and changed its name to the Church of the Resurrection) on East 74th Street. It was a bad night and there were about thirteen present, but a joint Committee was formed of C.A.I.L. members and members of the Actors' Society and I was elected its chairman on account of my dual relationship. We met weekly and thrashed out the whole scheme and drew up plans for the movement and arranged for a mass meeting in Berkley Lyceum on June 14th, at which Bishop Potter presided and to which I had personally visited and invited all the representative clergy of all faiths in New York together with prominent members of the

profession. And they all attended and the Lyceum was crowded to the doors. It was the greatest meeting I ever attended or ever hope to attend. There can never be another like that. It was the first time in this country that the two professions, at swords point for centuries, had been brought together and too, the first time the clergy of all bodies, Episcopal, Roman, Protestant (of all stripes) and Jewish had assembled together since the Reformation. Federations of Churches, and Councils of Christ are all of much later date. So the event was significant from every angle and the air was electric.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE

Bishop Potter made a wonderful address in opening the meeting and was followed by F. F. Mackay and he by Rev. Father Ducey of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church. The latter speaker was witty and that gave his successor, Roland Reed, an opportunity to make the most of the occasion and very soon the audience was in hysterics. He was followed by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, Aunt Louisa Eldridge, Rev. Percy S. Grant, Frederick Warde, Rabbi Silverman and many others. In fact the meeting was nearly resolving itself into a mutual admiration society as each side told how they loved each other until I felt moved to remind the chairman that we were there to organize and not sound each other's praises, (however interesting that would be) and at the close of my address I presented the name, objects and list of nominations for officers which my committee had drawn up and they were adopted unanimously and the following officers were elected: President, Bishop Potter; First Vice-President, F. F. Mackay; Second Vice-President, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, George D. Macintyre, Treasurer, and I was elected General Secretary. A Church and Stage Council was elected with the following members: *Church*, Rev. Albert E. Bentley, Rev. Thos. J. Ducey, Rev. James A. Francis, John A. Holden, Harriet A. Keyser, Margaret Lawrence, Rev. Francis J. Clay Moran, Rev. Thomas H. Sill, Rabbi Silverman, James A. Smith. *Stage*, Viola Allen, Verner Clarges, Albert C. Deltwyn, Alfred Fisher, James A. Herne, Wm. W. G. Jones, William F. Owen, Rosa Rand, Israel A. Washburne, Mrs. Kate D. Wilson. The first official act of the Alliance was to pass an unanimous resolution expressing the sorrow of the meeting upon the passing of Augustin Daly whose body was laid to rest the same day.

So the Alliance was born and I worked night and day to make it a success. Hundreds of clergymen of all faiths, Episcopal, Roman, Jewish and all types of Protestants joined it as Chaplains all over the country and Canada until finally we had about 1,300 on our list and a representative in every city and place where there was a Theatre. During the season of 1903-1904 at the suggestion of our President, Bishop Potter, I relinquished the Rectorship of the Church of the Resurrection and went on the road organizing local Chapters of the Alliance in some twenty-three of the largest cities of the country, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Louisville, Boston, Denver, Memphis, Kansas City, Cleveland, Baltimore and Washington, etc. This brought me into direct contact with our leading Chaplains and their people together with the personnel of the various stock Companies most of whom joined the local Chapter. We devised and sent out Calendars to place on each stage with the names and addresses of the Chaplains and welcome to their respective services and I devised the idea of posting daily notices to the Chaplains of the arrival of our dramatic members with which as an introduction they could call and offer their friendship and ministry and as they were in turn asked to remain and witness the play, we began to get the parsons to the theatre and fill them with clerical deadheads and the profession also being pleased with this attention would say (when free on Sundays,) "the Rev. Dr. So-and-So came to see our show, now let us go and see his." So the actors began to attend Church and as, in consequence, a better feeling prevailed, prejudice and hostility on both sides gradually melted away, and to-day has almost disappeared altogether. To understand each other we must first get together and the modern Luncheon Clubs are doing an inestimable work in that direction. All of this points to the eventual reunion of Christendom—a reunited Church in these United States—but that's another story.

THE ACTORS' CHURCH UNION

About the same time we organized the Alliance the movement was formed in the Church of England (thus showing the Holy Spirit was "taking His things and showing them unto us") under the name of the Actors' Church Union and three years later (in 1901) I visited them and found they had established twelve centres to our three hundred. At this they smiled and

reading their thoughts I said, "Of course it sounds as though the fourth of July had arrived with the brass band and the eagle's scream but it is far from that, believe me. Your secretary has not had the advantage of a stage career and naturally cannot be expected to possess the method of approach such as my experience furnishes me. Besides I possess a name which is an open sesame to the profession, Walter Bentley, the son of the late Rev. Dr. Begg of Edinburgh, who, leading man for Sir Henry Irving and later starring in Shakespeare throughout the English speaking world, has naturally made my name famous. Besides this I was born a Yorkshireman, have lived in the United States twenty-one years, am a priest and formerly an actor. You can't beat that combination—it outshines Aimee McPherson's four square Gospel—but to prove I am not bragging I will volunteer to cover these three kingdoms this summer, visit the larger cities personally, secure your Chaplains and pay my own expenses if you will but give me the privilege of going in your name. Bishop Talbot, (its lifelong President) said, "Go ahead" and next day I started and visited fifty-three cities in Great Britain and Ireland and secured forty Chaplains which made their number fifty-two and in 1926 I covered most of the British Empire, (India, Ceylon, Burmah, Malaya, Java, Celebes, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Fiji Islands and Hawaii) and thus made the work worldwide.

THE OTHER WALTER BENTLEY

The singular coincidence of the name Walter Bentley being born by two individuals, (the Scotch actor and myself) was a great asset in the growth of the Alliance. When Dr. Begg found that his handsome son had determined upon a stage career it was too much for the Calvinist Moderator of the Free Kirk and he turned him out of house and home. A story is told that Walter, returning home late one evening, his father let him in with the welcome "Come in, thou imp of Satan," to which Walter replied "All right, father." Thus treated William Begg took his mother's maiden name and became Walter Bentley and though we were playing Shakespeare in this country—he as a star and myself in humbler roles—we never met. He was about seventeen years older than myself and being one of the handsomest men that ever trod the boards he received many love notes several of which found their way into my hands. Even to-day wherever I

may be and there are Scotch people present they will make themselves known and assure me they saw me in Othello forty years ago in Dundee or elsewhere. In fact when I became the Rector of the Church of the Resurrection in 1902 I received a letter from his sister in Scotland telling me how gratified she was that I (her brother) had entered the Church, and this very winter while holding Missions in South Florida I met two Scotchmen on the street who told me the same story. So what's the use? On my world tour in 1926 in the interests of the Actors' Church Union I visited Sydney, Australia, and met Walter Bentley for the first time. He was seventy-seven years old and ailing, but the reception he gave me I shall not readily forget. The following summer I was in London when the news appeared in the London press of his decease and under his name the London papers gave mainly the story of my life and I had to call them up and correct the account. But bearing this name was a wonderful help in bringing actors into the Alliance. Those who knew me would join through interest in my efforts and the rest, confusing me with him, would join through similar reasons. I do not know any other movement in which this has happened and one cannot help but believe that the great Disposer of events had something to do with it and helped to make my work the more successful and account for the wonderful growth of the Alliance in the early days.

THE ALLIANCE SEPARATES

Some fifteen years after our foundation the Roman Catholics decided they could work better independently and under the late Cardinal Farley I helped them to organize their Catholic Actors' Guild and gave them the names of about seventy Roman Catholic priests who were working under our direction. Then the Hebrews pulled apart and organized their Jewish Theatrical Guild. The war in 1917 put a stop to our efforts and when the Rev. Dr. Ray became Rector of the Little Church around the Corner he took over the work and reorganized it under the name of the Episcopal Actors' Guild and thus I was freed after nearly twenty-five years labor to take up my long-cherished dream of becoming a General Missioner of the Church for the balance of my working days. Thus once more I am roaming the country as of old trying to get the Catholic Church and faith before the American people with what result those who attend my services can best bear witness.

AIMS AND OBJECTS—MINISTRY

But what were the aims of the Alliance and what did we set out to accomplish? First to bring the Church and Theatre together by taking care through our Chaplains, of actors in sickness and trouble, "ministering to them in every way in our power." In my actor days when an actor was taken sick he would be left behind among strangers, rushed to the hospital and left to live or die without any ministration. Secondly, to establish social fellowship between parson and actor and many are the stories I received which proved the value of this effort. One such must suffice. In sending out an appeal asking our Chaplains to support our work (should they feel so inclined, for hitherto we had not asked them for money) by paying our annual dues of one dollar and among the responses I received a letter from our Chaplain at Port Townsend, Washington, saying he could not afford any contribution but told the story of his efforts in our behalf. The week before a third rate company had appeared in their city and the Rector had invited them all up to the Rectory to lunch and after the meal the leading man had disappeared into the parlor and the Rector following found him playing the harmonium and muttering to himself, "Well, I have been in the business twenty years but this is the first time I have ever been invited to a parson's house." That doesn't sound much, but if you were four thousand miles from home and the ghost didn't walk (and you did) and discouraged you had found kindly treatment from a stranger it would make all the difference in the world. It was the "one touch which makes the whole world kin" and when I read of it I said this alone justifies the whole organization.

EDUCATING THE CLERGY

Thirdly, we were endeavoring to educate the clergy, particularly the Puritan type which could see nothing but evil in the theatre. In my time efforts to elevate the stage by such gentlemen were very abundant.

"In every age some people seek to elevate the stage;
But of itself it ought to rise,
For every stage has wings and flies."

But they forgot this and when any notorious play came to their town (and we had a little "dirt drama" in those days consisting for most part of French farces made over for American

consumption) some "live wire" Protestant preacher longing for the spotlight and glorying in his self-appointed role as a reformer, would decide to preach against it and so prevent his people from giving it their support. With a packed Church before him the good brother would open his remarks usually with "Thank God, I have never entered a playhouse." (This was said I suppose to ensure his position, for it would never do for his deacons to believe their preacher on the quiet attended the theatre.) After this illuminating remark, for had the congregation brought their brains with them (which in churches, unfortunately, is not always the custom) they might as well have arisen and departed. To sit for an hour or more to listen to a subject about which the preacher has already told you he knows nothing is a sample, at least, of "zeal without knowledge" and it must have made the angels laugh. Then he proceeds to roast the whole institution and all who belonged to it, and what he didn't say the reporter would, very capably, say for him and the front page large type the next day was read by the whole community and had you visited the theatre you would have found the whole population trying to get in with a queue extending down the street and around the corner while the manager beamed and clapped his hands and cried, "Keep up the good work brother, keep it up." Thus they sought to elevate the stage by advertising the worst side of it and when good plays came to the town because our good brother was too pious to know or care, they frequently went to the wall. And you can imagine what the actors thought of all this and how their prejudice against the Church was intensified. They were not responsible as they were not the playwrights and would prefer to appear in the better and clean drama had they the option. That kind of thing, thank God, we put a stop to and whenever a clerical barnstormer broke loose I was notified and what he received from our office usually spiked his guns and robbed him of his ammunition. That there was another and greater side to the matter he had never even dreamed until he received our protest and literature.

SUNDAY PERFORMANCES

Fourthly: (This sounds like a sermon but it isn't) We tried to put a stop to Sunday performances, not primarily because it was Sunday, but because of the hardship it entailed upon the actors. A single instance of my own experience will best illustrate this. I was playing with a repertoire company in the middle

West. We had some seven or eight Shakespearian plays in our list together with a few popular dramas like "The Octoroon," "Oliver Twist," "Flowers of the Forest," "East Lynne" etc. It was Saturday and a one day stand. As I stood in the lobby I heard a lady after looking over our list, say to the treasurer, "What's the play this afternoon?" And he answered, "As You Like It." "All right," she replied, "Give us 'East Lynne.'" During the matinee performance of "As You Like It," it started snowing and in the evening we gave "Richard III" to an audience of about fifty persons, the weather had grown so bad. As stage manager I posted the notice of our next stand which required us to leave at 2.30 A.M. for Cincinnati for the beautiful Sunday performances. I asked the hotel proprietor if he would not have us driven to the depot. "Not on your life," he answered. "Do you think I am going to have my horses out in this weather?" "No," I said, "Why should you? Actors can walk." (Even hotel keepers had the same exalted idea of actors as the preachers). So without any rest, we trudged through the darkness and snow to the depot and gave the ladies the only seat in the place while we stood apart to admire their beauty which having enjoyed for a whole season it afforded us little of novelty. The train rolled in at a quarter to seven and we fell aboard (that is, I did) and reached Cincinnati as the good folks were leaving the churches. A patrol wagon was on hand to convey us to the theatre (we all wished it had come to take us to jail, for one can rest in a jail but not in an American Sunday Theatre) and we were rushed to the Theatre for the matinee to play what, forsooth? "Hamlet," the longest, greatest and most nerve-wearing play ever written. It took us until six o'clock to get through it, tired as we were, and after a bite we had to do "Richard III" with its battle of Bosworth Field all over again before we could go to our well-earned rest. And the Theatre was packed from pit to dome and when I tell you that no member of the Company or any other dramatic Company (I exclude the Variety or Vaudeville) in those days ever received one cent of compensation for their Sunday labor you will see where the shoe pinched. Since that time I have addressed many Labor Unions on this matter as the excuse is that the poor working man has only his Sunday as a rest day and the Theatre is his main recreation. But as I have frequently pointed out if they are called to work on Sunday their charter calls for not only payment but usually double payment, but in attending the Sunday Theatre they are making their brothers and sisters

work for them without one cent of reward. My talk has usually been received with surprise, as well it might be, followed by a promise to abstain. But, you will ask, how was it possible for the manager to put this iniquity over upon his associates? And the answer is that the contract of engagement being made in New York State where the law prevails against Sunday performances, never refers to Sunday but simply states "an agreement to play according to the custom of the house," and so the law is avoided and the actor is helpless. Now he is better organized through the Actor's Equity Association, the evil has somewhat abated. Perhaps the large decay in Sunday evening attendance at worship all over the country may be traced in part to this evil and the Church has suffered in consequence. If our going to Church is primarily for entertainment (witness the ads. in many papers "Come and have a good time, etc.") the Theatre can beat the Church at that game any day for that is its province. So masses of people have been lured away from religion to seek that which is more entertaining at the expense of their spiritual growth and salvation. "For they who please to live must live to please."

Both then and now in every effort towards amendment the Stage has had a double difficulty to contend with—the difficulty always attendant upon every effort to rise from the lower to the higher; and the difficulty thrown in the way, through an ignorant zeal by those who should have been the first to encourage and assist. Whatever improvement has come has had to come from the Stage itself, unaided by the Church, and such men as Garrick, Irving, Greet, Benson and Kennedy have done more to elevate the Drama than all the Priests and Puritans who have lived up to the present day. Nay, more, every such movement has been made in the face of the very institution which professes to be the moral leader of the people and the organized conscience of the nation. For had the Church realized her responsibility and done her duty there would have been no need of an Actors' Church Alliance to bring the matter to her attention and show her how she may minister to her children of the Stage. In a word, while striving to spiritualize the Theatre we are seeking to humanize the Church and to free her from the dead hand of tradition and that attitude which is fatal to her leadership and success.

HOW THE THEATRE MAY HELP THE CHURCH

This is a sort of fifty-fifty proposition after all and the Theatre can help the Church as the Church seeks to help the Theatre. For instance, who is wholly satisfied with the general presentation of Christianity? In other words, why are there so many poor readers and preachers in every branch of Christendom? Is it not because of prejudice the Church has frowned upon enthusiasm and those very gifts which get the Gospel over? The great Wesleyan movement drifted beyond her borders largely because of this attitude, and the millions of his followers who Wesley counselled and begged to remain within the Church are now found outside. Need I prove my contention? I am perfectly sure that if the average actor could not get his message over better than does the average preacher he would not last a week and some preachers last a lifetime at the expense of their wearied hearers. David Garrick once met the Bishop of London who said, "Mr. Garrick, how is it we have so many empty pews and your theatres are always crowded?" and Garrick, responded, "My Lord, I think it is because we preach fiction as though it were truth and you are preaching truth as though it were fiction." Isn't there a lot of truth in his remark? It is not because of a lack of piety or devotion that makes so many ministers unattractive. They have the knowledge but they lack the training and what is the use of knowledge in a public man if he does not know how to get it over? We are sent as heralds "to preach from the housetops" and many of us do not even know how to open our mouths. If you don't believe me, listen to this and I think you will be convinced. In the model sermon preached by the Model Preacher known as the Sermon on the Mount as related by St. Matthew in his fifth chapter, this is what he says: "When he was set, He opened His mouth and spoke, saying etc. "Now, why in the name of commonsense did St. Matthew say that? (You see there is everything in the Bible if you but know where to look for it.) Our Lord was speaking in the open air to multitudes and He wanted them to get every word He uttered. Think then how clear must have been His method, how excellent His enunciation, distinct His elocution, how eloquent His pauses and emphases so that every one in that huge throng heard every word and not only heard it but remembered it for about thirty years before they wrote it down? And then think how many of our sermons are remembered for more than thirty minutes and you

have your answer. I have often thought when posting the notices to our Chaplains to call on our dramatic members and they returned their call by visiting the church, the preacher, seeing the actors before him must, consciously or otherwise, have asked himself, "How is it that these people got their message over the footlights the other evening until they made me forget myself and lifted me into another realm and all they did was make-believe? Why can't I get my message of eternal life beneath their skins as easily as they got theirs beneath mine?" And the obvious answer is, "Have I yet learned how to open my mouth?" It is not necessary that preachers should become actors, God forbid. They need not become stagey in order to become dramatic for there is a wide difference between the two methods. Billy Sunday (despite his circus methods which we all deplore,) gets his message over, knows how to open his mouth and is not afraid of humor. It has been a great pleasure to me when George Arliss, Frederick Warde, John E. Kellard and others under our direction have consented to read the Scriptures and sometimes make addresses in various Churches as they have travelled to and fro. Think of Charles Rann Kennedy's and Ben Greet's efforts in this direction in both Churches and seminaries and the great amount of good they must have accomplished. But we have only so far scratched the surface and when the Church and Theatre get still closer together there should not only be worthier plays but the preachers should benefit by the association. And when these two great bodies become more firmly united in spirit and purpose (for they are both essential ministries) the world must be bettered and their mutual strength of purpose, sweetness of fellowship and their relative educational and spiritual aims be established together for the good of all mankind.

WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION IN THE WORLD?

What do you think it is? There can be but one answer. As Jesus Christ is the most important Man who ever lived the question He was continually asking "What think ye of Christ?" is the most important question. He frequently asked the question but did not often answer it for reasons given elsewhere. Once to His disciples at Caesarea Phillippi when Simon blurted "Thou art the Christ" and Jesus changed his name and told him that on this confession He would build His Church, etc." On another occasion He asked the Pharisees "Whose son is He? And they very properly responded "The son of David." And He replied, "How then did David in spirit call him Lord, Saying the Lord (Father) said unto my Lord (the Son) Sit thou on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool?" And they answered Him never a word and we read, very significantly, "From that day forth no man dare ask Him any more questions." Well they might not for He had, by quoting their own Scripture, hoisted them with their own petard. The only possible answer was that being in David's line He was David's son according to the flesh but being the pre-existent One, He was also the Son of God and therefore David's Lord.

In early days men tried to wriggle around the matter by stating He was a man, born naturally like ourselves, then translated to heaven and being instructed in the Gospels, returned to earth to teach it. Another, that He was an angel in human form. Still another that He was a perfect man but nothing more, failing to see that perfection of manhood implied Godhead. The latter idea still lives as the Unitarian bears witness. But I have never met anyone who wobbles on this question who spiritually amounted to anything but whose faith generally grew pretty dim until it finally faded away altogether and sometimes morals went with it.

But the "proof of the pudding is in the eating" and if you will turn to the disciples of John the Baptist you will find our Lord answers His own question in no uncertain way by proving Who He is by what He does. John, you will remember, had

accused Herod of adultery by living with his brother's wife and Herodias had determined to get even with him as such like always do. So he is incarcerated in the dungeon below the Castle of Macherus and his disciples seeing him in such a plight and remembering what he had said of his cousin, Jesus, calling Him the "Lamb Who taketh away the sin of the world" naturally wondered if this were true and if so, why He did not come and release him. Don't imagine John had lost heart, or faith. He was not that kind as Jesus's own testimony proves after John's disciples had left His presence. Pestering John with their complaints he sent them to Jesus to find out for themselves and reaching Him they cried "Art thou He that should come or do we look for another?" And Jesus said look around and judge for yourselves. "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." So He pointed to His visible acts to prove His almighty power. But the miraculous you say, no longer holds water as proof? No! How do you know? Being what He claimed to be what more natural than that He should show "signs" of His power? If the miracles had not been recorded they would have had to be invented to account for Him. That much is certain. But the evidence was given with a deeper purpose. The physical miracles were performed as the signs of His greater miracles He would perform spiritually when He ascended up on high and began, as St. Luke tells us "to do His work." What He did here for a handful of people was simply the evidence of the greater miracles He would do spiritually on the millions yet unborn. After all, don't forget, the Bible teaches spiritually and what it records of a physical nature is but the objective proof of what ever since He has been doing spiritually for those who trust Him and obey Him.

THE SIX PROOFS

"The blind receive their sight." Well, haven't we? Take the condition of the world spiritually when He came and see the great darkness in which it was wrapped. Read any ancient history and compare that time with our own for proof. Mankind, when He came, was wandering in a dark and uncertain world and the blind were leading the blind and only His coming prevented mankind from falling together into the ditch. Now we have light. It may not be all we need—that will come later—but

all we have is due to Him and to Him only. The light that shone from the tomb on the resurrection morning has penetrated the thick darkness and if we cannot run, we can at least, see far enough to walk. Before He appeared men stumbled along in their various guesses knocking each other down in their ignorance and folly. To-day we can see and those who trust Him and follow along see the more plainly. In fact the whole progress of the world in its various discoveries and inventions in the material sphere has been matched by the revelations in the spiritual and what we have to-day, and all we are, is due to the fact that the "blind have received their sight." He has done as he promised, for His Spirit has taken the things of His and has shown (and will still show) them unto us, bestowing the light too, by which to see them.

"And the lame walk." In the mass of vain philosophies and vain conceits in which man tried to paddle along before His appearance how pitifully slow was his progress? Confused with so many gods that they outgrew space in his pantheon and muddled with conflicting opinions, life was a perfect cul de sac and it all ended in a blind alley so that progress was impossible. He walked but very lamely. Some years ago Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Ingersoll were both invited guests at a public function held in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. Ingersoll arrived first and Beecher coming in later surprised the assembled guests by saying, "I saw a dreadful sight just now. Crossing the street (it was raining) a cripple on crutches was knocked over and his crutches thrown from him by a man who heartlessly passed on and paid no attention." Up jumped Ingersoll and said, "Why that man ought to be shot." "Bob," replied Beecher. "Thou art the man. Jesus Christ came with the crutch of His Gospel to enable His lame children to walk and you are using your great ability to knock it away from them." Yes, it is true. None of us can run for much of darkness still remains and we still have many problems that seem insoluble but at least, the lame can walk and we owe it all to Him.

"The lepers are cleansed." Sin in the Bible is called leprosy—the leprosy of the soul. Have you ever met a leper? When in Panama I visited the leper colony with the Chaplain who is now the Bishop of Haiti. We rowed to the island and were not allowed to approach the shore so carefully does the U. S. Government strive to protect the uninfected. A burly negro upon our approach waded to the boat and took us by turn on his shoulders and carried us to the shore. I preached in the

Chapel to a large congregation of these unfortunates but the sight I witnessed I dare not reveal. Standing by the door as they passed out I could not shake hands, had that been permitted so many of them having no hands to shake. I then understood why sin is called leprosy for so it must appear in His all holy sight. And "the lepers are cleansed." Is it not true? Those of us who are growing in grace and spiritual strength and vision do we not realize the cleansing from sin which characterizes our life in Him? As year by year we grow in age are we not conscious of our growth in grace and find ourselves truer, purer, and kinder as life passes on? The growth is slow perhaps, with many failures here and there, but nevertheless it is sure and foreshadows that day when, by His grace, we shall attain perfect health (which is holiness) when we see Him face to face and are satisfied.

"And the deaf hear." When we read the annals of the old world with its grave injustices, its sensual orgies and above all, its insensate cruelties, we stand aghast. That cultured men could slice their slaves alive to feed their fish for a frolic or well born ladies could attend the brutal and inhuman sights of the Amphitheatre and witness the Christians put to torture, gored by bulls, used as living torches to give light to their festivities or torn to pieces by wild beasts and see all this without a quiver is sure proof of their spiritual deafness. Their conscience was seared as with a hot iron and if it spoke it certainly was not heard. Compare the difference to-day in the numerous hospitals, orphanages, almshouses and all similar efforts to mitigate suffering and shield the weak and the helpless which characterize our modern Christian civilization. Coarse and brutal as the world still is yet compared with those days it is like a Sunday School tea party versus a bloody prize fight. Yes, the deaf do hear and as time goes on the human heart grows gentler and more refined as conscience points the way and God's Voice is heard in our souls.

"And the dead are raised up." Not physically any more but spiritually every day. Go with me to Jerry MacCauley's or any midnight Mission in the slums of the world's great cities and you can see His power raising the dead before your very eyes. John Callahan, superintendent of the Bowery Mission, addressed the N. Y. Churchman's Association one day while I was present. He told the story of his life, how, soddened with drink, bleary eyed and covered with vermin he had wandered one cold night for warmth and shelter into the Mission and was literally raised

from the dead by the Hand of the Lord. And as we clergymen of New York listened to him and marked his strong face, whole-hearted faith and the heavenly radiance which shone from his eyes he made us all feel what a power he was for God and how weak most of us were in comparison. Yea, verily, the dead in trespasses and sins are being raised every day in the year. And if one could estimate the mighty work of the Salvation Army in our own generation among the fallen and the destitute all over the world we should find overwhelming proof that His power still raises the dead no matter how low they may have fallen.

“And the poor have the Gospel preached to them.” Whether we take these words literally or spiritually they are true either way. We are all poor in the latter sense and churches of some kind which claim to represent Him stand on every corner to welcome us. On the other hand what are the finest buildings in existence? The Capitol in Washington or the Parliament House by the Thames? No, but the great Houses of God we call Cathedrals scattered all over Christendom. These are the costliest of all. On these millions of money have been lavished. They contain the world’s finest sculpture and painting and are the centres of its finest music and most gifted preachers and they are all FREE to both high and low. They are our Father’s House consecrated alone to His service and glory and the poorest of his children can claim a place wherever and whenever they will. Thus the poor have the Gospel preached to them and our Lord’s statement to John’s followers is as true spiritually in every detail to-day as it was physically when He walked among the sons of men and called them brethren and those who loved and followed Him, His Friends.

Therefore we know who He is not only by what He *did* while here in the flesh but by what He is *doing now* all over the world where His Word is preached and also will continue to do to the end of time.

WHAT IS CHRIST'S ANALYSIS OF HUMAN NATURE

First impressions are the most important—whether Lindbergh's feat, meeting people, the new Rector's sermon, crossing the Pole, or, our eventual crossing the Bar.

This morning I want to deal with the first story Jesus ever told. Long and short he told about thirty-nine; that is, thirty-nine have been recorded for us and this, the first, is one of the most wonderful. We call it the parable of the Sower. But it is misnamed. It has nothing whatever to do with the Sower, nor with the Seed sown—they're all right, but it has everything to do with the Soil and so should be called the parable of the human soul. Listen: "A sower went out to sow his seed and as he sowed some fell by the wayside and the fowls of the air devoured it. And some fell upon a rock and because it lacked moisture it withered away. And some fell among thorns and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it. And other fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit an hundredfold" (St. Luke VIII.) That's the story, but what does it mean? Here is the finest as well as the earliest piece of psychology extant. As Christ is the world's Alpha and Omega—the first and the last in everything—so is He the first and greatest psychologist as this story proves.

But how came it to be told? We read that multitudes hearing of His wonderful deeds followed Him from the cities surrounding the Sea of Galilee and squatting in oriental fashion on the beach which here slopes upward to the farm land above, thus forming a natural amphitheatre something like the world's oldest Theatre, that of Dionysius at Athens. Jesus getting into a boat and using it as a pulpit, considered awhile what should be His first word to the people. Remember, He was not a magician but God's prime Messenger, but withal human, "perfected," as we are "by suffering, yet without sin." He knew the value of His message and the equal value of first impressions. Consequently He thought and thought hard, before He opened His lips to speak. No book of our time gives us such a vivid

impression of Christ as man than "The Hidden Years" written by John Oxenham and published by Longmans, Green Company. I want to recommend it to you. I came across it by accident. Visiting a lady in one of my Missions I noticed it on her table and borrowing it sat up half the night devouring it. It brought Him very near to me and will do the same for you. Christ has too long been on a pedestal for most of us and His influence on our lives has consequently been nullified. The Church has not failed in overestimating His deity but has come perilously close to underestimating His humanity, and this book will help to regulate the trouble and restore the balance.

So I believe that while He sat watching the faces of the vast assemblage and pondering what He should say, He lifted His eyes above the throng and there on the heights was a farmer sowing his grain, and He seized the suggestion and translated it spiritually. Plain as the story is, it is evident His disciples didn't get it; and here was His first disappointment. How sad and yet patient must have been that voice which said, "To you it is given to *know* the mysteries of the Kingdom (but oh, how far you have yet to go) but to others in parables that seeing they might not see and hearing they might not understand." "What a jumble" says the man in the street. What an absurd statement. So it seems at first sight until we study it through. The Bible is chock full of such statements, and so it reposes in dust on the top shelf. We don't think these days—we go to the movies.

But why did He speak in parables? Not only because it was (and is) the Eastern fashion but because it sifted His hearers—it was His judgment on them as it is on us. "Take heed how ye hear," and "He that hath ears, etc." Those who were entertained by the story and stopped there got nothing out of it. There was sight but not recognition and there is all the difference between. All the people in the East including the dogs in the street saw the star in the sky, but the Wise men recognized and followed it. That is why they were called Wise. All saw Christ when He was here in the flesh, but only a few recognized Him. Those who saw Him merely, crucified Him, but those who recognized, died for Him. No, in reading Scripture we must not only read and see but "mark, learn and inwardly digest." In other words, with heavenly food as with earthly, we must chew the Word if it is to feed our souls. Not only what does it *say* but what does it *mean* is the measure for Bible reading if the book is not to remain a hopeless conundrum.

So when His disciples asked for an explanation He gave it to them and as we read it we are sorely tempted to accept it as all sufficient and complete. But if we do we make Him a phrenologist in place of a psychologist. Most people, both in their thinking and acting follow the line of least resistance and we are apt to accept the given explanation and fall to classifying people into four types and think that that is all there is to it. We all know the careless, indifferent and irreligious type symbolized by the beaten path on which the seed falls and never sinks in, and so we have contact without communion; the temperamental, over-enthusiastic type who join everything in sight, and quickly tiring like the Athenians of old, fall away. These constitute the pastor's delight—and despair. America is the prolific soil of fads and cults. One can start anything in this country, secure followers and get away with it—for a time. We are a nation of “j’iners,” so we thoroughly understand that type. The worried and care-worn, the mammon worshippers and the pleasure-loving represented by the thorns are so obvious as to need no comment. And the last class, in which of course, we place ourselves, that bring forth fruit is the plainest of all. And so we close the subject, forget all about it—and get nothing helpful out of it. And so Christ is crucified in the house of His friends. We do Him the greatest injustice to accept even His explanation, as final. We forget the time in which He lived and the simple people to whom He spoke. For two thousand years we have had His gospel with us—His Holy Spirit guiding and leading us into all truth and His Church enfolding and shepherding us in the Way of Life. Shame on us—double shame, if we are content to remain in the mental state of the first disciples in their earliest days and have been too lazy and unwilling to penetrate beneath the surface and dig up the riches of His grace. Gold may float in the mountain stream but in quantity it lies embedded in the mountain and we must dig for it. So with divine truth and dig as we will we can never exhaust the whole of its treasures.

When we begin to think at all we soon find we cannot catalogue or classify people as easily as we thought. We may hang them on our convenient pegs but they won't stay hung—they fall off. If there is anything this generation has learned it is the mystery of personality—that mysterious, elusive something that is ourselves—that constitutes our being, form and presence. Failing to understand ourselves, how can we pretend to understand others? “Know thyself,” said the ancient Greek and to-day

we respond, we wish we could. But we must do our best and as we think beneath the surface we soon discover that in place of dividing and separating people into the four types as given in this wonderful story, we find all four within our own bosom. Think it over.

THE PATH OF HABIT

For instance, what does the hard path represent? Some chap to make a short cut home walks across the field and another follows the track, and so repeated footprints harden the way and the seed falling thereon fails to sink in and bear fruit. There is contact but no communion. Contact never fails. God is closer to each one of us than hands or feet. We are rubbing Him constantly but without communion we are unconscious of His Presence. Then think of the birds which typify the forces of evil. As temptation presses on every side of us so they swoop down on the neglected seed and bear it away. No word returns to Him and so what was intended to strengthen the kingdom of righteousness, through our neglect is carried off to batten the world of darkness. But spiritually, what does the pathway represent? No farmer sows seed before he has prepared his soil. So we too—the most of us—were carried in our mother's arms to the Font and the priest representing our spiritual mother—the Church—takes us in his arms and by the sacrament our soil is prepared for the reception of His Word and Grace. But afterwards as we look back we can remember the first time we did something—something we did we knew was wrong but it pleased us to do it and so because it pleased us we kept on doing it until there has grown across our souls a hard, pathway of habit—of conscious, deliberate sin which left unchecked, will determine our character, and character, remember, decides destiny. Let the preacher deal with any other subject, Hittites Malakites or any other Ites, and we are apt to enjoy both preacher and sermon—but let him dwell on our sore spot—our habit we are not disposed to give up, and we shall be offended and go away without help or blessing.

But what is the remedy in such a case? Is there no way out? Well, what would the farmer do in such an extremity? He cannot afford to have this section of his ground wasted and his seed thrown away. Off to the barn he goes and dragging out his plough he tears up the hard pathway and converts it once again into virgin soil. Now we understand why the Church imposes her six weeks of penitence and self-denial during Lent,

not to speak of the four weeks of Advent and every Friday in the year. One hundred and sixteen out of the three hundred and sixty-five—special days for the repenting and tearing up and out of those sins which bind us in slavery and prevent the grace of God from inflowing our souls. Easy, say you? Then you have never tried it. It is a case again of "If you want to find out who's Boss, start something." No, it is not easy—the Cross is not supposed to be. He did not find it so and He was without sin, and personal need, yet He shrank from it in Gethsemane. Yet the tearing and uprooting must be faced if we are to be saved and become Captain of our souls.

THE ROCK OF HEREDITY

The next picture is the Rock. What does it represent? Well, notice, it is beneath the soil and out of sight. How can fruit be produced in such thinness of soil? Of course it springs up quickly and as quickly perishes—so we naturally say, how can God Himself expect anything different? And the answer is, He doesn't. How can I change my nature by my own efforts? Well, you can't, but He *can* if you will only give Him the chance. If the first picture represents the law of habit, so the second represents the law of heredity. We are all products of tooth and claw and even worse things. Each of us has inherited some taint or weakness that has descended in our blood from our ancestors. The importance of the law of heredity like that of the mystery of personality is something that this generation has discovered and lays stress upon. You go to a drunkard and tell him he is drowning his soul. Well, he knows that better than you do and if he is honest will tell you so. "But what can I do?" he says. "How can I help it? I was born that way. My father or grandfather or some one in the line before me was a drunkard and it has come down in my blood and I can't help it." Here is the Rock and it is beneath the soil and out of sight. You know a lady or two who has a bad temper—if you don't—I can introduce you to a few—and you go to her and say "Madam, Madam, can't you control yourself? Don't you know, good and upright as you are that your unfortunate disposition makes everyone miserable and yourself worst of all? And she, poor soul, bursts into tears and cries "I know it. But what can I do? I was born that way. My aunt or grandmother," etc. Same old story. What can we do about it? Can the Gospel change human nature? Well, if it cannot, can it be the good

news it is proclaimed to be? Of course the worldling, the cynic and the pessimist won't admit it, but the experienced Christian knows better. He knows the gospel is what it claims to be: "the power of God unto salvation." But where is the remedy? Read our Lord's answer. He knows the rock is there, knows it better than we do, but notice this striking fact: He ignores it and says "this kind cannot bring forth fruit, (not because of the presence of the rock) but because "it lacks moisture." It is a startling statement for it embodies the *raison d'être* of the Catholic Church in her three branches, Eastern, Roman and Anglican. Do you wonder why the Church is Sacramental in character and places the altar in the centre with the pulpit and the Bible on either side? It is because on the altar the moisture is provided to soften and transform the rocks in the souls of men which all the sermonizing or Bible reading taken together can never remove. No, this moisture—like all moisture for that matter—comes down from heaven and not up from below. It is not man-made but God given and the only way to permanently soften and change the rock into good soil is to receive the moisture, penitently, faithfully and regularly. "Do this" was His parting word for all time and if we obey Him He will do what we in our own strength, cannot. This inherited difficulty is too much for us—the more we struggle like the trapped in shifting sands, the lower we sink. Give up and let Him take hold through His Blessed Sacraments and in time and through patience, victory is sure. How common and yet sad is it to see the temperamental people—the artists, musicians, actors and the whole of that contingent we know as Bohemia and whose very genius is largely owing to some inherited failing—some rock or other—turn their backs on the only source of power they above all need and so deprive themselves of victory! Genius may or may not be akin to insanity, but it is certainly lop-sided and ill balanced and hence the woeful shipwrecks of lives that were created to inspire and bless the world. Invited to the banquet and when the Feast is spread turn their backs on the table and dumbly go away. The bread and wine when consecrated are not transubstantiated—but the soul of the faithful worshipper is by the Divine grace and power thus received.

THE THORNS OF ENVIRONMENT

Here we have the third condition which surrounds us all. Those who remember their Catechism and its threefold temptations of World, Flesh and Devil will readily see the seductions

of the world under the path of habit, the temptations of the flesh in the image of the Rock while those of the Devil are represented as the Thorns of Cares, Riches and Pleasures. What a flood of light the parable throws, if not on the origin of evil then on its potentiality. Being born with free will implies the possibility of wrong choice, and this chance God had to take in making us in His own Image and generously conferring upon us by free gift that measure of freedom, which in its fullness He alone possesses and which He alone had the right to retain. His perfect love caused Him to risk our misuse of His great gift and if we love Him at all as we ought, "we love Him because He first loved us" and gave us of Himself in our creation. And the misuse of His great gift is the basis of all the sin and trouble in the world and of which the cross is the only antidote and remedy.

Evil then is resident in weakened wills and has no other, nor needs any other, basis. Conflict therefore is necessary to restore the balance and only by resisting necessary temptation can we grow strong and find peace for our souls. Otherwise we should be molly-coddles and spineless creatures not worth the saving. Off the track of perfect obedience of His laws which, being His, are the laws of the universe both moral and physical and which being resisted and disobeyed, prick us like thorns. Now thorns are not necessarily evil but good when in their place. If I want to grow a garden of flowers the best thing I can do is to plant a hedge of thorns to protect them. It will at least keep the dogs out and other pests from trampling them down. And what wonderful foresight that He should put cares first. When I entered the ministry I naturally imagined that I could be of greatest help to people when in trouble—that was surely the time when they would feel the pressure of His loving Hand and so be brought closer to Him and their better selves. But instead I usually found them fretful and complaining or whining in this fashion: "What have I done that I should be called to suffer like this"? "How can God be just and bring this upon me"? And I have answered: "You have not done anything necessarily and how do you know God has brought this upon you? Whether He has or no can't you see this is part of our environment, our common lot, and after all, properly understood, may be a blessing in disguise? I grant this does not solve all of the mystery of pain and suffering but it does throw a flood of light upon it. If through sin "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain," as the apostle says, how can we expect to be free from it? In

fact, the truth is, the finer the soul the more it is called to suffer and only when suffering is regarded as a privilege rather than a curse, is the way open to victory. Christ died for us all but we, His followers, are called to serve Him and so share, in part His suffering—called upon to fulfill—that is, make full, as St. Paul says, “the suffering of Christ” and so do our part in the redemption of the world. That is our glorious privilege as Christians and some day we shall understand it and rejoice we were counted worthy to endure. Meantime let us take the sting out of our thorn by bearing it patiently for His sake and so find that growth in soul and vision which it is the purpose of suffering to bestow. Above all, don’t be a cross dodger for life does not lie that way. As for riches and pleasures—they are obvious. We don’t own anything in the first place. We are only stewards in His Vineyard and as stewards we each have an account to render. People talk of owning this and the other but how often it owns them? They don’t possess money—it possesses them and their goods which were given for service and benefit to their fellow men have become thorns that have choked their souls. May God deliver us from golden hearts. A stony heart can be broken but a golden heart—hammer it as you will—and it takes another shape but remains the same in substance and only the fires of hell can melt it. “How hardly they that have riches shall enter life everlasting.” Pleasure too, has its place but nothing is more weakening when indulged to excess. Then is it true that he as well as “she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth” for nothing dries up the springs of joy more than inordinate pleasure. We are here to master our environment, not to be mastered by it; and so attain perfect freedom which alone is life and joy.

THE GOOD GROUND

And the good ground, what of that? First, we each have some of it, that is one consolation. We may be down but we need not be “out.” However marred or disfigured we may be there is something left in the worst of us of the image in which we were made. There is little or no Calvinism in our Lord’s teaching. However brutalized “while there’s life there’s hope.” And here is another striking statement. Fruit, our Lord tell us, is brought forth not only through struggle and conflict but by patience, patience with ourselves as well as with others. And what does this mean more than being found faithful and doing

the same old things in the same old way. And herein lies the genius of the liturgy of the Church. For untold generations she has taught the same old prayers and forms of worship. This may seem deadly monotonous and tiresome to those unused to it. To those who look upon the sermon as the only reason for church attendance it seems a palpable waste of time. They resemble the gentleman, an infrequent attender at an Episcopal service, who arose one morning at the beginning of the service and moved the suspension of the reading of the minutes of the last meeting so that the preacher could proceed with his sermon. But our Lord was wiser and His Church has followed in His footsteps by providing His followers with a system of worship that changes but little from age to age and in the earnest develops a type of piety that is reflected in a sober and godly life—a type of piety which, I venture to say cannot be matched by any other ecclesiastical organization for it is truer to the teachings of Scripture and the facts of human life and psychology. And the conditions are very simple, for all that is required in the process is an “earnest and good heart.” Nor is the process confined to this life but extends beyond the veil to that land of progressive development and purification until at last the Master’s promise is realized, “ye shall be perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect” and we enter in the joy of the Lord, the joy that is not only beyond description but also our remotest conception.

WHAT IS THE MEANING AND PURPOSE OF LIFE

Forty-one years ago this spring I was an actor playing in Boston, Mass. and wandered by chance into Trinity Church. Its architectural proportions impressed me and the sexton, who was cutting the grass, gave me permission to inspect the building. So I roamed around and ascending the pulpit, actor like, I made several poses and gestures and wondered how it would be to be a preacher? "Thus do coming events cast their shadows before" and show us how we are each part of a mighty plan. for "there is a power that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

On Sunday I found to my surprise a lot of people by the closed doors awaiting admission. In the crowd I got a seat in the gallery (natural place for an actor) and heard Phillips Brooks preach on Creation and somehow I seemed to see the whole process right before my eyes. Strongly impressed by the most powerful human speech I had ever heard I was back again for the afternoon service and this time secured a seat in the "orchestra," but there was no band and none needed so long as we had that mighty trumpet and celestial flame in the pulpit. Wedged in among hundreds I watched the mighty preacher ascend the pulpit and give his text like a mighty blast: "For this is the will of God even your sanctification." I can never forget that sermon although I don't remember a word of it. Only the text stuck. There he thundered and there I sat amazed. Presently he seemed to be talking to me alone and when he was finished I felt I was finished too. Had I been a Methodist I should have said I had got religion, but what I had got I didn't know, I only know I never felt so exalted and at the same time so humiliated in all my life before. I wish I could give you the same sermon in the way he gave it, for then I might make some of you over as he made me. But I can't. It was an extemporaneous utterance and was never published. So I must treat the text as best I can and let us see what we can get out of it. In the first place, notice how direct it is—a regular trumpet call with no beating about the bush. It is a wonderful thing to

know what is God's Will for each and all of us. So many are vainly asking the question every day and in so many instances it is their own desires they are seeking rather than His Will, that consequently they do not hear His Voice so many seem to lose their way through life. They rush after pleasure hither and yon and still remain dissatisfied; they toil for riches and never reach contentment and so they drift through life like a rudderless ship at sea which if it does not sink into oblivion becomes stranded on some barren shore. No—it does not say that it is God's will that we shall be rich or poor either for that matter. These are but the trimmings of life, not life itself; nor that we shall be powerful or famous or even happy. That we may be *blessed* I grant—but happiness and blessedness are not synonymous; happiness is after all a transient condition while blessedness abides as long as we obey the conditions. To be blessed is to be holy and this and nothing but this is the will of God.

And look how the subject is harped on in that Book! It might be said with truth to be its one voice. Seventy-seven times in various terms the point is made. Listen to a few of them: "Be ye holy—why? for I am holy," "Without holiness no man (or woman either) shall see the Lord." And how many times are we told that we are "called to be saints." So here then is the supreme purpose of life and all its woes, turmoil, temptations and conflicts, its sufferings and transient joys are but part of the process whereby holiness is attained. For holiness is an achievement. For we are not born holy, far from it we are born selfish and the problem of life is the outgrowth of selfishness. Kingsley put it plainly with his statement, so like a mathematical proposition: "Given Self—Find God." There you have it in a nutshell. It is all contained in the first chapter of Genesis where we are told we are made in His Image and in the twenty-sixth verse the reason is given, "to develop after His likeness." There you have creative evolution—the whole summing up of the painful progress creation has made through the ages—stated in the simplest terms. I can't for the life of me see why people are worried over their ancestry. What is the difference *how* we started so long as we know where we are going and that we are on the way? It is the end that counts, not the start, whether we win or lose the race. The teleological argument can never be gainsaid—the end, if it be what it should and may be, certainly justifies the means and the climb upward from the protoplasm through our arboreal ancestors make the whole story a thrilling and fascinating adventure. "In His image"—it doesn't always

seem so, does it? We travel the streets of our great cities and we see luxury and vice on the one hand and sodden poverty and misery on the other. Signs of His image are not very evident on these faces brutalized by luxury, self-indulgence, vice and crime. Forces of evil are rampant and seem to swamp and submerge the forces for good, so we grow heartsick and turn homewards and if we have a little fairy there with her laughing eyes, dimpled cheeks and flowing hair we take her in our arms and say "Here is God's ideal. Here is what He would have us be. Did He not say, "except ye become as little children, etc." But don't fool yourself. This is not it at all. This is innocence and not holiness. Innocence knows not evil or temptation or responsibility or toil, but holiness is innocence that has gone through hell. One is the start of the road, the other its goal. Innocence is just as brittle as a Sevres vase, holiness is as tough as wrought iron. Innocence is as fragile as the lenten sapling in the garden which the wind can blow either way, while holiness is as tough as the stout oak tree on the mountain side which has withstood the storms of centuries. We all start innocent and some pass through hell and attain holiness while the majority stay in hell and don't know it.

But what is holiness anyway? Is it not wholeness, body, soul and spirit. Is it not healthiness from "heilig" the old anglo-Saxon word for health, and do we not continually say "there is no health in us." The healthiest people spiritually are like the healthiest physically—they are equally unconscious of their condition. As the latter have no physical pains, so the former have no spiritual, they are directed by their conscience in place of being tormented. So they have some measure of the peace of God. But what is holiness? What are its characteristics? I think they are three: reality, purity and charity.

REALITY

Here is the foundation, call it what we will, reality, honesty, sincerity, etc. It is not without meaning that the first word in the christian year is: "Owe no man anything." If all were honest to that extent, many people would be happier than they are. But to be honest with yourself, that is the great thing. That is what Shakespeare means when Polonius says: "Be true to thyself and it must needs follow as night the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man." Are we sincere all through? Are you? Am I? Christ was the only transparently sincere

being who ever lived and hence He was illuminated and transfigured on the mountain top. But we, every one of us, are more or less four flushers and live in a world of four flushing. We are always trying to put something over and believe we are getting away with it. For awhile we seem to succeed but presently the mask falls off and we are revealed. You remember what Lincoln said: "you can fool all the people some of the time but you can't fool all the people all the time." Anyway, to fool others is to rob yourself in the long run. We are the losers in the end. That is why it is better to be cheated than to be the cheat: better to be robbed than to be the robber. That is why the dramatic profession is so spiritually harmful. They live in a mimic world within a larger mimic world and make-believe is their very bread and butter. No people need the spiritual influence of the Church more than they do and no class of people have been more neglected. And so with us. The insincerity of so many conventional forms and images; the saying so much just to be pleasant robs life of much of its truth and so far debases and weakens character. To listen to the effusive greetings of women, and listen to their remarks when the others' backs are turned is a play in itself and well illustrates what I mean.

And in the realm of religion we are in particular danger. Nowhere is it easier to put over than there. Few people are natural in church and young parsons are apt to be sorely afflicted and some never get over it. The very liturgy which we prize so highly—and justly, nevertheless tends to insincerity for it is so much easier to gabble our prayers than it is to pray. Consequently we never get anywhere—we do not grow in grace or in the spiritual life and we blame the Church when the fault lies with ourselves. I am afraid that the desire to be honest keeps more men out of the Church when they see so much of what is within. And yet the Church is the instrument of salvation, divinely established for that very purpose. So sincerity is not as simple as we imagined—it requires more courage than we ordinarily possess. And God knows this better than we do. He does not expect the impossible. He knows our insincerity, but He expects and has a right to expect, that we shall daily strive to grow more and more sincere as life flows along. On this, depends everything. That is why Christ blasted the Pharisee and forgave the Magdalen. We must lay the foundation of sincerity before we can begin to erect the temple of holiness. Beware then of insincerity—it is the boomerang that is sure to come

home and destroy its wielder. Watch, strive, pray continually and success is sure, for the "will of God is your sanctification."

PURITY

The second characteristic of holiness is purity. But again who is pure? Can anyone of us go out on a winter's morning and seeing a bank of newly fallen snow declare he is white and clean like that all through? Can we look up in the starlit vault of heaven towards God's throne at night and say we are pure like that all through? No—we know we would be liars if we did. We may be clean in word and deed—and are we always that?—but what about the inner world of thought and imagination? Each one of us carries a veritable picture gallery wherever we may be, and on the character of the paintings hanging there and hidden to mortal eye but not to God's—depends the destiny of our souls. True is it that "out of the heart proceed the issues of life." That is where Christianity is different from all other religions and wherein it is supreme. It strikes within—others play on the outside. They are systems and you can remove the founder and the system will stand. But remove Christ from Christianity and personal devotion to Him and the whole thing falls to pieces, and this inward quality is revealed by His declaration "He that looketh after a woman—hath already, etc." You can't beat that or get away from it, try as you will.

And is purity easy? Read the struggles of the saints, the anchorites and hermits who fled from the world because they found it so hard to be pure. And times have changed. We have to stay in the world and strive to make it clean by first being clean ourselves. Planted as we are in an animal organism with the "flesh lusting against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh"—the struggle is severe and for most of us, lifelong. We are like men on horseback and we are tied to our horses while life lasts. And we are so placed to gain the mastery. How quickly a horse senses an inexperienced rider and strives to throw him off! So with our physical bodies—if they throw us off, we are not freed from them but inextricably bound to them and so are dragged behind through all the mud and mire. What more pathetic or helpless than an unhorsed horseman? So purity like sincerity needs to be attained and every victory, however seemingly trifling, is a step towards eventual conquest and victory.

CHARITY

It is hard to define charity these days. No word in the English languages has suffered as much or been more abused. The common conception of charity is to be kind to the poor and by giving them what you don't want or can't use you are apt to think you have fulfilled the law. But it is far more than a mere genial sentimentalism. Instead it is stronger than steel and St. Paul calls it the greatest of all virtues. This is because it contains them all. Suppose we translate it as kindness? Is there any virtue more needed in this old world of ours with all its miserable misunderstandings, its alienation and bitterness and innumerable heartaches? Why is it that so many religious people belie their faith by their lack of kindness and disprove their calling by acting like wolves instead of lambs? Had the Christians in Germany lived up to their faith there could not have been that insane catastrophe known as the World War. What makes religious wars the bitterest of all? Why is the world today so sickening of creeds and verbal expressions of faith and tiring of the platitudes of theology? It is St. James' protest all over again, "Show me thy faith by thy works." The one distinctive feature of the early church that made it all powerful was the love it showed to friend and foe alike so that even their enemies admitted, "Behold, how these Christians love one another." It is time we revived this spirit, if ever we expect to be saved or our religion to prevail. Even Gandhi in India has caught the spirit of Christ far more than many of those seeking to convert him. In fact, Bishop Anderson of Chicago told me the other day that he thought the best way to solve the Indian problem was to withdraw the Christian forces and leave Gandhi in sole spiritual control.

Surely if we are ever going to practice our profession we must develop more kindness, patience and self control, not only among ourselves but also to our brothers who are outside the fold. A prisoner in Sing Sing was complaining to Mrs. Ballington Booth that "he had not had a square deal," and she well responded, "What of that, my friend, we are not here to get a square deal but to give one", and to do that, we must develop sincerity, purity, and kindness, for the blending of these virtues—like the three colors in light—will issue in the sweetness, strength and light of holiness, which in the life beyond in Paradise will increase to the brightness of everlasting day.

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION?

Let me read you the finest scientific statement of the Christian religion to be found in all Scripture. Here it is in the first two verses of the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; (here is spiritual, progressive development or creative evolution, or what you will, with a vengeance) not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God. Of the doctrine of Baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead and of eternal judgement." Here are the six principles of life from the font to the judgment. And notice they are in couples: Repentance and Faith, for our personal Christian life; Baptism and Confirmation for our official Christian life as members of His Body, the Church; and Resurrection and Judgment for the world to come.

Many people complain that the Christian religion is a misty, nebulous affair, full of contradictions and beyond the understanding of the average man. If this is true it is due to the various and more or less antagonistic interpretations that have been given by preachers who have followed their own judgment and rejected the common collective and spiritual consciousness of the Christian church, which is known as Catholic and orthodox. From the popular Protestant method of handling the Christian religion one would imagine that God had thrown His greatest gift—the gospel—among us for each to make the best of it, according to our ability. Or, enshrined it in a Book which we can pick to pieces, accepting what pleases us and embodying this in a man-made religious organization and rejecting the rest. Hence the present tatterdemalion condition of the Christian religion with more than five times the varieties than we have of "Heinz's pickles." Now this, to say the least, is not to credit common sense to the Almighty. Should you buy a diamond from Tiffany I doubt if the shopman would take it from the case and hand it to you as he found it. No, he would first carefully wrap

it in tissue, then in a case, then in a box which, carefully folded in paper and tied, you would place in your inside pocket and keep your hand upon it for safety. And yet there are still millions of intelligent Christians who believe that God has given His greatest jewel to the world, unenshrined and unprotected, to sink or swim as the case may be. Why even Noah and his family were better protected. But those of us who believe He founded His church upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself (and not the Pope) being the head cornerstone, see no difficulty in the preservation through the ages of the fullness of the gospel by the historic Christian church with its apostolic faith and ministry with authority to teach and its liturgy and sacraments to bestow and perpetuate the divine life.

Without this all is hopeless confusion and no one knows where we get off or where we get on and what an awful mess some preachers have made in the way they have twisted up these six simple principles of the Christian religion. How they have overemphasized some of them at the expense of the rest and got the whole thing lopsided. They are to be given equal value for they are of equal importance. Yet how many sermons have you heard in your lifetime on repentance compared to those on faith? Yet here it stands at the very threshold of religion. Many preachers get it mixed up with conversion and so there is natural confusion in the minds of the people. I even heard Dr. Fosdick do this in the First Presbyterian church in New York. He called his sermon one on conversion and it was on repentance all through. If the leading light of the Protestant world can make such a blunder what can we expect from the rank and file? Baptism is so over-emphasized that one great denomination actually takes it as its name, while none of them (except the Lutheran) practice confirmation or the "laying on of hands" as it is called in Scripture. Don't tell me this means ordination, for if it did then everybody would be a minister and then where would the congregations be and to whom would we minister? Then what about the resurrection of the dead and the eternal judgment at the last day when, says St. Paul, "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ" if we go to Heaven when we die? Do a little thinking, my friends, and if you believe Scripture then practice it as it is written and don't get it topsyturvy. What we all need is a clear, reasonable and unanswerable Christian faith that squares with all the facts and keeps the balance and proportion of truth. If you know of any Church that does this better than the Episcopal then please let me know

it for I will join that Church tomorrow. Now what about Repentance and wherein does it differ from Conversion? It was the keyword of our Lord's ministry as it is the keyword of our life. "Repent ye" was the opening word of His ministry. To emphasize this the Church gives us six weeks in Lent and four in Advent to take this question to heart and measure ourselves and our growth in the Christian life as our years pass away. Some think the Episcopal Church does not believe in Conversion? Yet what does this mean in the daily offices of the Church when night and morning we are taught to pray, "O God, make clean our hearts within us and take not Thy Holy Spirit from us". There you have Conversion as a daily process as is true Repentance. For Repentance is our work while Conversion is God's. If we faithfully do the first, he will attend to the second. . . . And Repentance does not mean simply being sorry for our sin and letting it go at that and which evaporates merely in feeling. We can be sorry or chagrined or remorseful but when the feeling has gone, do them all over again and be worse off than we were before. To really repent we must reject as well as regret. Yet I know some sense of sorrow is necessary. Sorrow as a prelude to true Repentance is like the porch to the Church which you have to pass through to enter the building. That is the reason it is there I suppose. No, Repentance is an act of the will, it means, cutting your sin out and keeping on cutting it out until by God's grace you win the victory and are free. It is not an act that you can do once for all and then get through with, but, it is a process which continues all through life both here and hereafter in the world to come until at the last we are perfect as He promised we should be if we continue faithful to the end. Very few of us are great successes in this work. And the most spiritual are always the most penitent as history proves. Repentance in short is not an act done once and for all, but a process which continues to the grave and beyond. Above all, don't give up, because so many of your efforts are failures. That is the danger and the very devil's temptation. See how life teaches us on every hand. Note our way of walking. We lift our feet but must bring them down, but if we continue the lifting we shall keep going until finally we reach the goal. A cab driver in Scotland growing too fond of his toddy, swore off, took the pledge, joined the kirk and thought the battle was over. For several weeks his minister saw him regularly in his pew, then, one Sunday he was missing and also the following Sunday and his minister got busy and going to the cab stand, he saw Sandy

slip behind his horse, hoping his parson would pass on but instead he followed him and said, "Sandy, what do you do when your horse falls down?" "Why, I pick him up again, of course." "Well, Sandy, that is what I have come to do for you." Look how God preaches continuous repentance by the sea shore? As you stand there watching the waves roll in one comes with a roar as though it was going to carry all before it, and then at the critical moment it breaks and falls back apparently wasted. Then follows another with the same result and many others follow likewise, but finally there comes a wave that sweeps the whole beach and we say the tide is in. So with our pledges and vows and efforts, time after time we fail, but if we are in earnest and keep on, finally we win the victory. Why do so many of our confirmees fall away? Because they and their elders have the popular catastrophic idea of religion in place of the progressive and imagine that Confirmation was their graduation in place of being their personal enlistment in His service, and the beginning of their definite Christian life. Religion has been more or less easy up to this event but now standing before men, and pledging their allegiance to their King, they find to their surprise they have a fight on their hands and desert before they have fired their first shot. This is the time for both parents and teachers to show patience and encouragement until the raw soldier has put on his armor and can stand on his own feet.

God preaches through Nature as definitely as He does through His Church and His Book. The gardener prepares his soil and then plants his seed. There it lies out of sight, and the rain wets it, the winds sweep it and the sun warms it until presently it appears above the ground and the gardener must begin the weeding process if the growth is to continue. And the more effective the weeding the better the growth until the final harvest. So with the spiritual life. Baptism is the planting of the divine seed. Christian nurture in home and Church School act on the soul as the elements on the earthly seed until the spiritual life develops, more or less consciously, and the candidate is brought to Confirmation for the strengthening of the original endowment and his personal enlistment in Christ's Cause. Now the candidate stands upon his own feet to "work out his OWN salvation." Thus he is called to daily repentance which constitutes the weeding of his soul while if this be done faithfully the growing or Conversion (which is God's work and not ours) naturally ensues and the two processes taking place side by

side, are fulfilled in the final harvest. Repentance is thus the turning FROM sin while the operation of God's grace results in Conversion which is the turning TO or with, the Spirit of God Who helps us to work out our salvation. But Repentance must always precede Conversion, for if we do not do our part, God is helpless to do His. Christ knocks at the door of our hearts but we must open it or He cannot enter and the prodigal son had to "come to himself" and start for home before his Father could meet him halfway. And thank God the fullness of the harvest is not expected this side of the grave (or else there is no hope for any of us) but the process goes on in the world to come in the spiritual purification that lies before each faithful soul when he reaches that world. In all this the Church is the spiritual Agency, the Divine conservatory extending in both worlds, seen and unseen—Militant on earth and Expectant in Paradise—in which the soul is nurtured and developed "after God's likeness" until salvation, perfection, the fullness of health, or, call it what you will, is attained. But we must make the start here and the earlier the better for, "Now is the day of salvation" and the more earnest (and hence successful) we are in our efforts here the easier, the less distance (spiritually) we shall have to cover and fewer purgatorial pains we shall have to endure in the world to come.

WHAT IS THE UNPARDONABLE SIN?

There is no subject that has troubled Christians more than this one. Wherever I go the question is put to me, so I consider the subject worth consideration by itself. There is one thing we can settle right at the start and that is, the very people who are fearful of being guilty of this sin are the very people who could not possibly have committed it. The very fact of their worry is the surest proof of their innocence. So let us get that out of the way to begin with.

Here is the Scriptural statement of the matter which our Lord Himself gives us. We find it in St. Matthew, the 12th chapter and the 32nd verse: "Whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

These are said to be the most awful words Jesus Christ ever uttered. It was the only time in which He disclaimed forgiveness either in this world or in any other. The words follow our Lord's healing of the man possessed of a devil and the Pharisees who watched Him said that He did it not by the power of God but by the aid of the devil. By doing so they resisted all evidence of His power and personality and showed that proof was wasted upon them. Even "the common people heard Him gladly," the brutal Roman soldiers confessed "Never man spake like this man," but the Pharisees, who were the religious leaders of the nation and should have been the first to recognize His claims, would not have Him at any price. They had so steeled their hearts against Him that at first they would not, that finally they could not, recognize Him, and so denying His every claim committed the unpardonable sin. The trouble was not only with their heads but with their hearts. They lacked that "honest and good heart" which Christ tells us is the first requisite of growth in grace and spiritual vision. The whole story reveals the mystery that exists between sin and disease. "Had sin not entered the world and death through sin" how different would human life have been? Here is one outstanding fact: Christ, who was sinless, was free from pain and disease. He was the only man

in the whole of mankind who was never ill. He was often weary but never sick and, although He passed many nights in the open air, we have no record of His ever having caught a common cold. Had He not been crucified we wonder how He would have left this world. At His transfiguration He stood on the border of the other (inner) world and could have pushed on had He not determined to face the cross for our salvation. Hence He returned and faced the issue by healing the child at the foot of the mountain. Were we not sinners we, too, at the end might simply be translated during sleep or, drying up, be wafted into the other world without having to endure the usual agonies which precede death. But it is useless to theorize when we have facts to deal with. Those who stumble at the story and think it was simply a case of insanity (although insanity is far from being fully understood or else it would be more frequently cured) conclude that Christ, who knew better, simply adapted Himself to their understanding. But this reflects on His honesty and, moreover, who in the twentieth century can fully determine the conditions of the first? He came to illumine the darkness of this world and to destroy the power of evil, and His power has been at work two thousand years and the world is different today as light is different from darkness and it is to Him and to Him alone that the difference is due. Mankind in His day was under the control of evil forces that gripped him remorselessly and from which Christ came to set him free. How far these forces twisted him mentally and spiritually and worked out in his physical organism so as to be veritably demoniac possession who can tell? It was the world's great day of darkness which the Scripture calls the "fullness of time" and the Saviour postponed His coming to the time of man's most desperate need and so faced evil in its most virulent form. Man's extremity was thus God's opportunity.

So the case for demoniac possession cannot be easily laughed out of court. Missionaries today tell us that in the dark places of the world where Christianity has not yet penetrated the people are still enslaved by demoniac possession. So it seems wiser to accept the record as it stands and let Scripture speak for itself. But what is the unpardonable sin? We have three records in Scripture which throw some light upon it, but not very much. The first is that of Ananias and Sapphira. You remember the story: The disciples decided to sell all they had and throw the proceeds into a common fund. It was a case of all for each and each for all. It was the earliest record of Christian Communism,

but it proved impractical and was soon abandoned. Ananias and Sapphira conceived the idea of withholding part of their proceeds and stating the balance to be their all. Here was a glaring example of the "Safety First" principle. When Ananias tried it St. Peter told him he had lied to "the Holy Ghost" and immediately he fell dead, and they carried him out. Sapphira, unconscious of what had happened, came with the same tale and met the same fate. Rather drastic treatment, you will say, and were we to be judged in the same way there would be few of us, I fear, present here tonight. To understand it we must remember the church was but recently started and was on its trial. If it was to represent truth and justice in the world and overcome evil it must start right, and so these two were sacrificed as a warning to the rest. We have similar cases in our own day. There are many couples who, through no fault of their own perhaps, are unhappily yoked together. But they have taken the vows "until death us do part," so they bear their burdens and play the game for the good of society, the sanctity of the home. The other case is that of Simon Magus, the sorcerer, who, seeing the disciples receive power through confirmation, determines to buy some of this gift to be used in his business. "Thy money perish with thee, thy heart is not right in the sight of God," St. Peter tells him.

(No doubt he said more for the Gospel records, remember, are very fragmentary. Our Lord spoke and taught for three years and we can read all that is recorded of His life in about an hour and a half. Consider how much has been omitted.)

Whereon we learn he trembles and repents and is forgiven. The third case is more enlightening. St. Stephen, one of the seven chosen deacons, is brought to trial for his faith before the Sanhedrin. Reviewing the history of his people and proving from both history and prophecy that Christ was their anointed Messiah, whom the court had condemned and crucified, he sees from the faces of his judges that they are impervious to the truth and will not accept it at any price, finally bursts out with accusing finger, "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised, ye do resist the Holy Ghost. As your fathers did before you, so do ye," and we read that when they heard that they all gnashed their teeth and, rushing upon him, dragged him out of the gate and stoned him to death. But the three instances do not throw very much light on the subject, do they? But there is one thing which the text proves and which, I think, is apt to be overlooked, and this is the evidence which it shows in the literal power of Scripture. When I came to this country over forty years ago I was much

disturbed by the profanity and blasphemy I heard on every hand. Such language I had never heard in Europe, nor have you. I am glad to say it is not so common today, due largely, no doubt, to the influence of the Holy Name Society in the Roman Communion. Nevertheless, even this, unpleasant as it is, serves a purpose and proves that man is incurably religious. We each bear His image whether we realize it or not. For swearing is but the perversion of the religious instinct—the divine tendency turned in the wrong direction. It seeks expression in all of us and so we either swear or pray. No man can permanently keep up both habits. But in all the blasphemous language you have ever heard you have heard the name of the Father often taken in vain, and that of His dear Son treated with cheapness and disdain, but here is the remarkable fact: have you ever heard the name of the Holy Ghost used in vain? If you have I want you to tell me of it. Here is a wonderful proof of the power of the literal word of Scripture. No matter how low the roughneck may be or how far brutalized his instincts, he stops at the use of the sacred name of the third person of the Blessed Trinity because of our Lord's warning. There is a story of a young man in London who, having squandered everything in riotous living, determined to cut loose from everything good both here and hereafter and, jumping one midnight from London bridge, he swore an horrible oath against the Holy Ghost and perished in the Thames. He thought he was committing the unpardonable sin, but he wasn't. For it is not simply speaking a word at all, although the text says so. Yes, and that is where people need help in reading the Bible for it says many things which it does not exactly mean and this text is one of them. We must never forget that the Bible is an Eastern book and we are reading it with Western minds. East is East and West is West and it will be some time, if ever, before they become twain. The Easterner thinks and speaks in pictures and the Bible is a picture gallery from cover to cover—from the Garden of Eden story to the Celestial City in Revelations. Our Lord Himself spoke in living pictures. But we are more prosaic and literal. We say what we mean but the Easterner seldom means exactly what he says. If you visited an Eastern home as a guest you would be received with such an abundance of courtesy that you might imagine your host was making you a present of his house and all its contents, when all that his greeting signifies is that he is glad to see you. We must bear this in mind when reading the Scriptures and remember it is far more important to think out

what it means, what it is trying to get over, rather than the way in which it says it.

Take the very first verse of the first Psalm as an example. Listen: "Blessed is the man who has not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the seat of the scornful." The literalist is apt to stress the physical postures and fail to see it is one of the finest poetical expressions of the degradation of the soul to be found in all literature. In fact, it is a revelation of our subject, entire and complete, and shows the process by which the condition of the unpardonable sin is finally attained. For this sin is a condition the result of repeated acts rather than a single act itself. Let me illustrate and make it as clear as I can. We are all children of a common Father, who loves us because He has made us and by virtue of creation owns us—we are His property, so to speak, and owe Him, by virtue of this relationship, filial affection and obedience. Through sin, "like sheep we have gone astray," and the good Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord, came and laid down His life for our salvation and promised His Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth and to be not only with us but in us. Ten days after Christ's Ascension the Holy Ghost descended upon the disciples and the church was born to be the abode of grace and power, the distributor of divine life to the faithful, and the instrument and agent of our salvation. Thus God has a triple claim on each of us—as Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier—and today we are living under the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. Who is the Lord and Giver of All Life and who surrounds our souls as the atmosphere surrounds our bodies. But unlike the atmosphere, He is a Person whom we can resist to our own undoing. Take a typical illustration. Here is a man, for instance, who has had a more or less definite religious training in his youth. He has never possessed very strong convictions one way or the other—his religion has been more of assent than of conscious belief. Nevertheless, he has realized his obligations to God and duty and has led a nominal Christian life with its accompaniments of church worship and sacrament. But owing to one cause or another he begins to drift—church-going becomes wearisome, doubts spring up in every direction and religious things begin to pall. So gradually he becomes more and more immersed in earthly affairs, he allows his business to fascinate and enslave him until his bank book overshadows and displaces his prayer book, and prayer grows less and less a reality in his daily life. But God loves him as intensely as ever and uses every

possible means to bring him back to the fold. Have you ever read "The Hound of Heaven?" If you have you will understand what I mean. In it the writer pictures God as a great hound who sniffs and sniffs and will not let us go. It was written by Francis Thompson, a Roman Catholic, while he was starving in the streets of London and still felt he could never be forsaken by God's love and care. And kind friends took him up and proved his faith and trust. So in our drifting friend's life, comes the call in shape of business reverses—there is a crash in his affairs and he is bankrupt. But he fails to hear God's Voice and attributes his losses to poor investments, or bad judgment or false counsel or any other cause than the real one. So it passes unheeded and is a failure and by dint of extra energy and effort he regains his footing in the business world. Years ago I met a young man who acts as an acolyte in Trinity Church at the week day celebration at six o'clock every day in the year rain or shine. He commutes from New Jersey, attends fasting and is slight and frail in stature. Interested in him and his devotion, I was invited to his humble home and met his father, and I understood. On the face of the old gentleman long past seventy rested the peace of God and that light shone from his eyes that ne'er was seen on sea or land. He told me his life story. Years before he had been a millionaire worth over six millions but on a certain black Friday every cent was swept away and at night he was a pauper. "But God saved my soul" he said, "by taking my money from me. Before this I paid no attention to religion but now it is my very life." (It is hard that most of us need to be lashed into our rest, but it is true.) He cannot recover,—it is too late for that and so he potters around Wall Street picking up a bare subsistence, but is perfectly happy, happier than ever in his life before. In his case, the call was a success and God rejoiced in His return. So our mythical friend pursues his aims, and then comes sickness and he is laid on his back. What a significant position it is in which sickness places us? We must look up then whether we will or no. In health, we look around and look ahead but in sickness we are compelled to look up. Is He not then, demanding our full attention to His plan and purpose for our lives? But supposing our friend still resists and fails to heed the warning? God is ever merciful and so grants further time for repentance and our friend recovers and cries to his nurse, "Alice, I owe this to you, your nursing has brought me 'round and to the doctor, Doc, you're a brick,—your dope and care and Alice's nursing have made me a well

man again." God has had no hand in it at all. No indeed, God is practically forgotten altogether. And so it goes. Years ago when preaching in the Bahamas I was delighted to learn that the model for Holman Hunt's wonderful picture "The Light of the World" was the late great missionary, Bishop Churton of that Diocese. One day a man came to the painter, and asked him if he had not made a great mistake in the picture. "How so?" said Hunt. "Well I understand the meaning, I think," said the critic. "Here is Christ knocking at the door of the human heart, and bearing the light of His Word. The weeds growing around the door are the habits of indifference and neglect." That's all right but my objection is that you have failed to put a handle on the door, by which Christ can enter." "My friend," said Hunt quietly, "the handle of that door is on the inside." There's the truth of the matter. God has given us the great gift of freedom, which is the prize of life itself, but wrongly used it cannot but end in disaster. Christ stands and waiting patiently to enter our hearts, knocks—knocks—knocks—but if we refuse to listen and open our hearts He cannot enter. He cannot force an entrance or He would destroy us in the process—He must be received in love or not at all.

Here is one reason why I could never be a Roman Catholic for I cannot accept compulsion, at any price. Compulsion in religion must always end in failure in the long run, for it destroys the best of what it tries to save.

Or take the story of the Prodigal Son as another instance of freewill in religion. Having spent all and reduced to misery the young man, "comes to himself"—to his better senses and does not sit there pitying himself or blaming fate for his failures but says resolutely, "I will arise"—not merely feel bad but I will get out of this—action and not mere feeling you see—"and go to my father." And off he goes and behold he finds his father waiting for him half way. "Why did not that father in his yearning agony go after his erring son and bring him home by the scruff of his neck?" No, he cannot,—he does all possible, he meets him half way. To go any further would be ruinous for the son. And when the boy running into his father's open arms, begins his tale of woe, the father cries, "Hush, hush, my son, forget it. You have returned—that is the main thing. Now let us have a good time. Prepare the fatted calf—bring forth the ring and best robe for this my son was lost, and is found." We can almost see the old man, jumping to and fro in his joy. So God feels likewise when we repent and return.

What a marvelous thing—it seems far too good to be true—that we poor insignificant creatures, dependent every moment upon His bounty for our very existence, have it in our power to make glad the Supreme Force and Wisdom of the Universe? And yet it is true. But suppose we refuse to heed or return? What must be the result and, who, but ourselves, can we blame? “Quench not the Holy Spirit,” says the Apostle and in another place “grieve not the Holy Spirit, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.” We can continue in sin and refuse to repent until finally we lose the power of repentance—we can grieve the Holy Spirit until we drive Him away from us and so reach that state of chronic impenitence which constitutes the unpardonable sin, for without repentance, forgiveness is impossible, either in this world or any other. For what is forgiveness but forthgiving something we must be willing to receive in order to get it. When I was in India I saw the holy men or fakirs with their limbs distorted through holding them for years in unnatural positions until recovery is impossible. So can we treat the soul, twisting it out of shape through a deliberately sinful life until the soul hardens in impenitence and reaches a condition of spiritual paralysis. The two thieves on the Cross will illustrate the two conditions of penitence and impenitence and were no doubt given in the providence of God, for our warning. We all reap as we sow and nothing can alter the fact, and it is not true because we find it in the Bible. It is like a good many other things which are in the Bible, they are there because they *are* true. We must each choose our own path. God is always ready to meet us half way. But if your philosophy is “Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die and we are a long time dead” then you will find, the joke is on you and that you have chosen your path and it is the path to death, the death of the soul. The man lacking the wedding garment in the parable of the Wedding Feast when the King came in to welcome His guests “was speechless,”—he had nothing to say. May God preserve us all from a like fate and may we heed the warning before it is too late, and eternal night descends upon our souls.

WHAT WE ALL NEED AND HOW WE MAY GET IT?

(Christ's Catholic Invitation)

If each Christian in this city were asked his favorite text I suppose we should have as many verses as there are Christians. It is generally thought that the 16th verse of the 16th chapter of St. John—"God so loved the world," etc. is the leading verse for it contains the whole of the gospel. But it is not my favorite text because first it is purely a theological statement, and secondly, it is not sufficiently personal or intimate to suit me. I prefer the odd verse of St. Matthew 11:v.28 where our Lord standing with open arms in the city of Jerusalem cries to the assembled throng—and through them to us—"Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." That to me is the heart-text of the gospel and the invitation expresses the whole spirit of the Christian religion. In these days the old Arian heresy as to the deity of Christ which was thrashed out in the fourth century at the Council of Nicea and which gave birth to the Nicene Creed wherein the writers strained language to the uttermost to express their faith that our Lord was the only begotten of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Who came down from heaven and was made flesh of the Virgin Mary (for a sinless life logically demands a sinless birth) is once more coming to the front. For He was born "not of the will of man—(or, a man or husband,) but of God."

Even in the Church (and very much out of it) this Nicene position is being challenged, and yet I have never met any individual who became shaky on this primal matter who long retained a positive faith, nor the denomination which forsook it long continue to exercise much spiritual influence. Yet most of the modern cults like Christian Science, New Thought, Spiritualism and the rest openly deny our Lord's Deity, and this presages their ultimate downfall. Even the Unitarian body established on this denial, despite their wealth and intellectual ability have ceased to grow and they exert little or no influence in the Christian world. Years ago while I was curate to one of our

greatest preachers—the late Dr. R. Heber Newton—in a sermon on the humanity of Christ startled me in quoting the story of the young man who came to Jesus saying “good Master what shall I do to inherit eternal life?” and Jesus replied, “Why callest thou Me good? There is none good save God.” “Did not Christ openly disclaim divinity in this sentence?” said the preacher. And sitting there I said to myself “Well, if that is true the Church all along has been mistaken, our efforts are in vain and we might as well abandon the clerical calling altogether and enter some other profession. The thing worried me all the week and on the following Sunday, the Rector being unwell, I was called to preach the sermon. The church was crowded as usual as All Souls while Newton was its Rector (and it was his only parish) was one of the show places of America. I forget what my subject was but I dragged the matter in for I had to. Something like this, “Look at the peculiar text which seems to deny the deity of Christ, how can we understand it? If we take it literally we deny the faith of nineteen centuries and if we don’t, what can we make of it? Let us see. There is one thing on which we can all agree however we may differ in other ways and that is the absolute sincerity of Christ. He was so utterly sincere that on the mountain top it transfigured Him and in the process revealed two denizens of the other world. Being so He demanded sincerity on the part of all who approached Him. That is why He so bitterly denounced the Pharisees. He could forgive everything but insincerity. He had no use for it then and He has no use for it now. It was the one thing He could do nothing with. That is the reason insincere people can never permanently get anywhere—they block their own path in every direction. Now this young man came with flattery on his lips and a lie in his heart. He was not seeking truth. He wanted a pleasant answer to his question, one that would not disturb his conscience, especially his friends in the crowd. and he thought the best way to get it was to use a little soft soap. It is the same old trick—the whole world is full of it and sincerity is so rare that most of us fall for flattery. Why the greater part of business is built on it. The peddler that comes to your back door if he can only get the chance will start operations by praising something, your children, your house, your flowers, anything whereby he seeks to ingratiate his wares and effect a sale. One of the commonest business axioms that you can hear everywhere and any day is that “you can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.” We all know it and

yet because we too are equally insincere, we fall for it. But Jesus to whom the human heart was as an open book instantly rebukes the flatterer with His "Why callest thou Me good? You refuse to acknowledge my Godhead for only God is good. What do you mean by it?" So the young man retired abashed and his attempt to "jolly" Jesus was a lamentable failure. Here then in place of a denial of Deity we have one of the most indirect assertions of it in Scripture. For if Christ is not God there is no Christian religion or proof of the life to come. His Resurrection was the confirmation of His deity and that is why His disciples were transformed from cowards into heroes and the reason it forms the basic hope for our own after life. No, the whole question reduces itself to this: Christ was either God or no good and there is no other alternative.

But, why, you will ask, did He not come out openly and say so? Why did He seem to evade or dodge the question whenever He could? Here are two answers to the problem: First, had He come out openly asserting His Godhead He would never have lasted three years to finish His work, train His disciples and lay the foundations of His Kingdom. Don't forget that it was on this very issue—His equality with God, which He proclaimed before the High Priest—that He was adjudged worthy of death. Secondly, His silence was a test of His hearers as it still remains our test. If they had not sufficient spiritual insight to recognize Who He was then, for Him to keep telling them would simply have added to their condemnation. So in mercy He withheld His claim as long as it was possible. But He continually asked others what they thought about Him to see whether any had recognized Him and when Peter blurted out "Thou art the Christ the Son of the Living God," which was the first recognition by human nature of its God, Jesus was transported with happiness and changing Simon's name on the spot told him that on his confession (not Peter) He would build His Church and the gates of Hell should not prevail against it." Peter is a masculine noun and Rock is feminine which proves the words are not synonymous and thus the whole top-heavy claims of Rome fall to the ground. How easily He could have said "and upon *thee* I will build my church" had He intended any such thing? But grant Peter *was* intended as the Foundation of His Church Rome in order to repeat Peter in the Popes has found it necessary to convert a Foundation stone into many Topstones and how shall such a building stand? Christ alone is the Headstone in the corner.

But let us see what message our text conveys? Try and listen to the words as though you had never heard them before and let us see what they imply. "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." If those words were spoken by a merely human being—no matter how wonderful or holy, excellent or beautiful,—they are the most preposterous, if not the most blasphemous words ever uttered by human lips. Consider this: They were spoken by a young man to begin with about half my own age and who therefore because of His youth lacked that larger knowledge of the human heart which belongs to age and experience. Then too He was ignorant as we count knowledge for he had never attended any of the schools of the Prophets, either at Bethel, Gilgal or Jericho and all that He knew, humanly speaking, He had learned at His mother's knee or in the lowly village school at Nazareth. Proof of this is furnished by His amazed associates who cried: "How knoweth this Man letters having never learned?" and "Never Man spake like this Man." Also He was poor and lowly—*le bon sansculotte* as the French call Him—born in a stable of a peasant mother and His foster father a carpenter in a village of no importance. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

He was without worldly prestige, social standing or any of those advantages which the world confers. He had no money—and you know how that counts—and with a few disciples as poor as Himself He wandered up and down the land like an ordinary vagrant, supported by the ministrations of the kindly and charitable. Face the facts and see what you can make of the record from a purely human point of view. This young man without age, experience, money, education, social standing or prestige of any kind, stands in the streets of Jerusalem and with His arms extended calls all the weary, troubled and heavily laden to come unto Him and find rest for their souls. Only God could issue such an invitation for only God could make it good. Suppose a young man was to stand in the centre of this town and use the same language? We should either laugh and pass him by or put him under observation in a lunatic asylum. And yet everyone knows who have accepted His invitation that He gives all He promises and more too, if we are able to receive it. Had He cried, "Come unto Me and I will show you how you may find rest for your souls" that would have been different certainly, for that is how all the teachers of mankind have talked from Buddha to your College President—"Do as we do,

follow our plan, read our books and you will get what we've got. But He said: "Come unto Me and I will *give* it to you no matter what efforts you may have made to find it and failed. So when you sum it up there is only one possible conclusion; this is the most direct assertion of the possession of the power of God ever made by human lips and establishes Him Who made it to be what the Church and faith have always declared: Very God of Very God.

What is the matter with our modern life? This constant restlessness, failure of faith, lack of grip on unseen realities, looseness of morals as evidenced by our divorce courts, rebellion of youth and the like—all, more or less, the aftermath of the insane world struggle we have just passed through with no benefit to either victor or vanquished (except to a handful of profiteers who have sold their souls for a mess of pottage.) What does it all mean but that we have tried every way but Christ's to run the world, and see what a hopeless mess we have made of it! Surely we shall see before it is too late that He only has the key to the situation—that in short He is what He claimed to be—the Way, Truth and Life. Now what of the invitation itself? Who are the weary and heavy laden? And the answer is, who isn't? Life itself is a psalm of burdens from the cradle to the grave. The weary mother carries her little one, bears all its troubles, aches and pains; the father goes out daily to labor to keep a roof over his loved ones, the priest, the doctor, nurse and social worker often exceed their strength in ministering to the needs of humanity, the statesman gives his best to his country while Washington kneels in the snow at Valley Forge surrounded by his battered army and on his shoulders rest the burdens of the new Republic; and Lincoln in patient agony carries the nation on his heart until the issue is settled and the country regains its unity and peace. So it is everywhere. Sacrifice, burden bearing is the law of life because it is the life of God for "out of the travail of God was humanity born," and we may add, is still being borne. That is why the minor strains of both music and poetry are so loved. We may admire the flamboyant and rhetorical in Byron and the rest, but we love the sweet, lowly strains of Bobbie Burns because we are weary and heavily laden. We may sit enraptured when the organist shakes the building, but when he plays the minor strains we are moved to tears.

For we are weary with our work—all of us. We do not do it easily at the best and as we grow older it becomes more and more monotonous. Even if we have found the work we are best fitted

to do, and that is not always the case for life is full of misfits—we have so many round pegs in square holes and square pegs in round holes that we have established vocational schools to correct it—yet if we are among the fortunate, we still find our work wearisome. And it does not matter what it is, whether ploughing fields, building houses, sailing ships, preaching sermons or washing dishes we all grow tired of it at the last. Doing the same old thing in the same old way, going round and round, day in, day out, week in, week out, year in year out, like a blind horse in a mill, until we are tired through and through. Finally instead of our mastering our work it masters us and the hand takes the shape of the tool it has handled so many years, the shoulders stoop and the eyes grow dim with the pressure so long borne and six by three ends the story for all of us physically. Yes, we are all burdened with our work. And we are all burdened with our cares that press as heavily on our minds as those of labor do on our bodies. First there is the character of our work itself. How unsatisfying most of it is. We started out in our roseate youth to do such great things—it is fine we made such a good start but after all, it is the finish that counts—and when we see how little we have accomplished and the unsatisfactory character of most of it, we are far from content. Such a little way we have come and we had planned to go so far. How is it that this nation is so full of worries—that we have more sanitariums than all the rest of the world combined. We start Don't Worry Societies and most of the latter day cults are founded to meet this very need. Our climate of course has much to do with it, but even the climate cannot be blamed for all the trouble. Our Marthas outnumber our Marys on every hand. So cares and worries press until the crowsfeet appear around the eyes and the wrinkles in our brow attest we are all burdened with our cares, and pressure on our minds.

Then too, our sorrows. Can anyone say them nay? Heavier than the burdens that impress our bodies or the cares that afflict the mind, are the sorrows that oppress our hearts. Not only those arising from our common mortality when our loved ones pass away and life grows lonelier as we trudge along, but what of those that are harder to account for? Here a young couple stand before God's Altar and pledge that they will "love each other until death do us part"—that is what they say but if they are in earnest what do they mean? That they will bear each others burdens until death us do part—that they will learn to

bear and forbear; to be patient with each other's shortcomings and idiosyncrasies, and then they go forth to build their little home and try and make it a replica of the home on high and without any fault of their own how often have we seen such a home struck with a bolt as from the blue and all is ashes on the hearth as the wife gives her life for her firstborn and as the stricken husband kneels by the open grave where else can he turn for comfort but to the open Hands of Jesus Christ? Then too, the bitter disappointments of life. The people we have trusted who have failed us; those on whom we have depended but who have deserted us in our hour of need. And what of the bleeding hearts of those fathers and mothers of those ten million boys whom, in this world, they will never see again and whose bodies crowd "Flanders fields where poppies grow?" Yes, we are burdened all of us with our sorrows and Jesus Who knew all about it and tasted woe for every man invites us to Himself to find comfort and peace. To whom else can we go for He has not only the words of life but reveals the loving Heart of God Who suffers when we suffer and can alone give us the consolation that enables us to carry on to the end when He will wipe away all tears in the glorious radiance of His Presence.

And finally our sins—heaviest burden of all. One of the shortest words in our language and the most mysterious, for sin is the underlying cause of all our burdens. Think of the sins, unconfessed and therefore unforgiven, which press on the conscience and give so many faces that haunted expression which betokens their fear. They may be forgotten but if unconfessed and unforgiven they remain like mountains gradually piling up against the final judgment. How few seem to realize that the Church was established for the forgiveness and removal of sin? That the greatest work of Jesus when on earth was not only the healing of the bodies of men but the healing of their souls and that He founded His Kingdom primarily to carry on this very work? We may prefer the inspiration and entertainment of the pulpit but what we need above all is the absolution of our sins. Sometimes the Church looks to me like a Celestial Laundry where I bring my dirty soul to be made clean as weekly I take my dirty shirt to be washed. Years ago when in the Isle of Wight I visited Carisbrooke Castle. There you remember King Charles the 1st was incarcerated by Cromwell. Today Charles is coming into his own for although we know he was proud of what he believed to be his divine right of kingliness and was

stubborn like most Englishmen, (who often self-made, worship their maker) nevertheless it is recognized today that he died for the Church even more than for the Crown, and so the Church of England has added his name to her black letter saints. Passing beyond the state apartments I came to a door on which was posted "Elizabeth's Room." I entered and uncovered for I felt I was standing on holy ground for I remembered what had happened there. Elizabeth was the sixteen year old daughter of the monarch and when he was arrested she begged the privilege of ministering to him during his confinement and the request was granted. Doing her best to comfort her stricken parent the time came when he was ordered to Whitehall for execution. Elizabeth begged to be allowed to accompany him but this request was denied and she was left behind. On the morning after her father's death on the scaffold the warder found Elizabeth sitting by the table with the hair streaming down her back, her head resting on the table on her left arm while the right stretched across to an open Bible and her index finger rested on these very words, "Come unto Me." The shock had killed her and it was estimated she had passed away the same moment her father had died on the block and father and daughter together entered Paradise and she had found that rest that man had denied. But, thank God, it is not necessary to die to get it but if we will only surrender our lives and wills into His keeping and direction we shall enter into that peace which passes all description or understanding and which the world cannot give and thank God, cannot take away.

And now in closing let me illustrate all that I have tried to say. I called this text the heart text of the Gospel and the very arrangement of this Church proves it. It is divided into three sections known as Nave, Chancel and Sanctuary. The Nave represents our life on earth when we sit with our eyes looking towards the Promised Land. Nave is from Navis, Latin for ship and here we have the Noah's Ark of refuge with its pointed roof extending all down the ages from the earliest days. The second division represents our life in the next world where the choir dressed in white symbolize the spiritual purification that awaits all of us. They are seated sideways or laterally, because they represent the souls in the other world no longer on earth and not yet in heaven, but in the world between. It is a better world and so stands on a higher level than the Nave and singing is done here. Beyond the Chancel is the Sanctuary representing Heaven while the Altar represents the throne of God.

Before we enter Heaven we must all stand before the judgment bar of God which the Altar Rail symbolizes, as the Altar represents the throne of the Father so the Cross in the center symbolizes the Lamb "as it had been slain" and the lights, the Holy Spirit. We believe where two or three are gathered together in His Name He is with them, invisibly present and so seated He extends His arms through Paradise and His Hands are represented by the pulpit on one side, His speaking Voice and the Bible, His written Word, on the other which you will notice is, like the Pulpit, built up from the floor of the Nave showing that both like Divine Hands are to guide us to Him during our life on earth. Most significant of all the main aisle is left free and open from the street to the throne with usually the Litany (or peoples') prayer desk to help us on our way. Even the larger Roman and Greek Communions have lost something of this symbolism which the English branch of the Catholic Church has alone fully preserved. "Come unto Me" it sings plainly to each of us. Not unto the Pulpit, for the sermon but points the way, nor yet to the Bible which records it, but to Me and I, if "I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," and we see clearly why the Church is primarily a Sacramental Institution and we can accept His invitation and meeting Him penitently can receive His life and find the rest He has promised for our souls.

WHAT IS GOD'S IDEA OF HIS CHURCH?

If we were to issue a questionnaire to the Christians of this town as to their opinion of the Church we might have as many various answers as there are Christians. For we have about five times as many varieties of the Christian Church as we have of Heinz's pickles. The common impression seems to be that the Church is purely a human institution and that any man or woman can start one providing they can secure a few followers. If this is true then every man becomes his own Church and therefore we have no Church at all. How illogical all this becomes when you think it through and how far from our Lord's conception when He prayed we should all be one as the Church was practically, for the first fifteen hundred years. Why cannot we have a United Church in these United States? We have a common post office from which we all receive our earthly messages, why not then a common Celestial Post Office from which we could receive the spiritual? But supposing there was an Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, etc., Post Office we should be lucky if we got an annual delivery. There is no greater anomaly today than this division of Christians nor one that is so wasteful or that has caused more havoc. Yet our Lord knew it was coming and so He prayed against it. His miracles are as many prophecies as were His parables. He preached constantly by deed as well as by word. Take for instance what I call His two fishing excursions. His disciples were out fishing one night on the Sea of Galilee and the next morning Jesus met them and inquired how much they had caught. And they answered Him, Nothing. And He told them to let down their nets for a draught. Peter was distrustful and said, "Nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net" and they did and caught so many and of all sizes and varieties that the net broke and many of the fish escaped. Now what do you think He did that for? Not surely to cheer them up and relieve their disappointment, surely the Exerciser of Divine power had a far greater purpose? He had called His Kingdom a Net which was to catch fish of every kind and the truth has lived in our very Church windows which in diamond panes represent a net the knots being the Bishops and

chief ministers which hold the net together. The doctrine of the Apostolic Succession could not be exemplified more plainly. And the breakage took place, as we all know, at the Reformation. The second miracle prophecy took place, very significantly, after His Resurrection. They were out again all night and, as before, caught nothing. In the early dawn they heard a voice making the same enquiry as before to which they gave the same reply. Then came the command, "Let down the net (this time,) on the right side of the ship, (not on any side as in the first instance,) and doing so they caught a certain number, which they found to be of the same size, kind, and variety. Then they knew it was the Lord and Peter in his enthusiasm jumped overboard, swam to the shore and fell on his knees before His Master. Now what was that done for? Simply to teach them that at last, His broken net would be repaired and all the souls it contained, (some certain number known only to God and which the 153 typified) would be alike perfect and complete in holiness as the net was drawn on the eternal shore.

So from this we are forced to conclude that the present condition of affairs in Church matters cannot, to say the least, be either His Will or according to His liking. Even at the Cross the seamless garment which clothed His sacred Body was not divided. They cast lots for it. Think it over! The popular idea that the Church is a place for good people instead of an institution wherein the bad became good, and the good, better, shows how far we have drifted from His conception which was that of a net to contain all kinds. How can we expect the Church to be full of Saints when the first congregation consisted of but twelve persons, God Himself was their minister and one of them was a devil? If one can become good and then join the Church, what need is there for the Church and why was it established? It is like going to a sick man and saying: "Jack, you ought to go to the hospital," and Jack replies, "No, I will wait until I get well and then I'll go." You see how sensible that would be—one is as sensible as the other. We go to Church to get religion as we go to the hospital to get health or to school to be educated, and the sooner and oftener we go the better.

Every time we attend the Church teaches us "there is no health in us" supposing that is why, among other things, we are there, for Christ said Himself, "He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." So being a church member is no necessary proof of your piety or goodness—it ought to be (but I am dealing with what is and not what ought to be) for only

those who are in earnest "work out their own salvation" and the rest remain tares and both must grow together until the harvest.

His Book says His Church is His Body. Not an "invisible Body" for that is a contradiction of terms. If the Church is the Body of Christ it has as much to do with Him as my body has to do with me. For my body is as much a part of me as my spirit (though the lesser part) and I shall have it through eternity through all its changing conditions of physical, spiritual and celestial. I want the Church Jesus Christ started, which He said He would build and that the gates of Hell would not prevail against it. For if any man, be he John Calvin, Martin Luther, John Robinson, Roger Williams, John Wesley, Alexander Campbell or Mother Eddy has the right to found a Church, then you and I have the same right and presently we are each our own Church which means we have no Church at all. How ridiculous. The very word Church means God's House, His workmanship and not ours and for that reason until but a few years ago Protestant Churches were called Meeting Houses and not Churches at all and even to-day in England they are known as Chapels. In this country the present name is one of courtesy and not of fact. Then too, the Church is not a place for Saints but for sinners who desire to become Saints and where they are sure to if they abide by the conditions. Not a place where people gather together to prate of their goodness, but to deplore their sins and get rid of them. The statement that "Catholics go to church to confess their sins while the Protestants go to confess their virtues" is not wholly untrue.

To prove the dominant place the Church occupied in the mind of Christ—19 out of the 39 stories (almost a fifty-fifty proposition) He told have to do with His Kingdom and while the Kingdom may claim a larger entity than the Church nevertheless the Church is the heart of it and without the heart the body could not exist. The Good Samaritan is one of these and I have chosen it because at first sight it seems to have little or nothing to do with the Church at all. You remember the story:

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and as he journeyed he fell among thieves which stripped him of his garments, wounding him and leaving him half dead. By chance there came a priest that way and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. Likewise a Levite when he was at the place looked on him and passed by on the other side. Then came the good samaritan who showed compassion and stooping down poured oil and wine into his wounds and putting him on

his ass brought him to an Inn and said to the host, "Take care of him." And on the morrow when he departed he took out two pence and giving them to the host, said, "Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I return I will repay." Now that's the story but what do you make of it? I know the common idea is that it teaches charity, kindness to the poor, giving your old coat you can no longer use after you have removed the buttons, or your old hat minus the trimmings, or a piece of cold pie you can't eat. This story constitutes the ground for neglect of church attendance and support on the part of many Masons. I have belonged to the order over twenty years and they have told me that if they lived up to their ritual it was all the Church they needed and have referred to this parable as their justification. My reply has been that if the story teaches nothing more than charity and kindness to the poor I can agree with them although I still think the Lord would not have come from heaven to teach us what our ordinary instincts make so obvious. I don't think we need a revelation from heaven to teach us what, as human beings, we already know. What do *you* think? Well, let us analyze the story and see for ourselves. The character of the speaker is proven by His stories which take in all humanity and cover all time. They are all from God's point of view and not man's and hence are universal in scope. The first words throw us off the track "a certain man" until we realize this is the Eastern fashion of speaking and they do not mean a single individual but the whole of humanity. We are all born in Jerusalem which spiritually means the city of peace. What is the happiest part of our life? Is it not during our childhood?

Then we are innocent of sin and trouble and have no sense of responsibility. Life then is spontaneous and buoyant and so we live in peace and try to break the furniture. But unhappily we can't remain so. Sin implanted in us from birth—the stock in which we were born being infected, which is expressed by David in the fifty-first psalm, "In sin hath my mother conceived me"—together with the conditions of life force us out and we start downhill for Jericho—the synonym for sin. Thus we "all have fallen short of the glory of God." And the story is topographically correct. You can't go to Jericho at all unless you go down hill. The story is also true historically for the Jericho road has always been dangerous for the traveller owing to the Bedouin thieves who infest it, pounce upon helpless travellers, steal all they have, cut their throats and praise Allah while doing it.

Forced out on to the stony, rough road of the world evil attacks us in the form of robbers—another suggestion that evil comes from outside us and not primarily from within; the fruit on the tree in Eden was seen but it need not have been taken and eaten. Evil in a free universe is necessarily potential but need not become actual unless we will it so. To be tempted therefore is not to sin, but only when we yield to it. Like the birds in the sower parable which steal the seed, so the robbers steal our clothes—that is, rob us of our innocence and we are naked as were Adam and Eve when they had yielded to temptation—the nakedness being spiritual, not physical. And conscience is born in our case as theirs by our knowledge of the fact. When you committed your first conscious sin you realized your spiritual nakedness and when God's Voice—your conscience—called you—you were afraid and ashamed and like Adam tried to hide among the trees of the garden. Then they wound us and drive the poison into us and we are left naked, wounded, helpless and half dead on the path of life. Had Calvin understood this parable how different the history of Protestantism would have been. For man is pretty badly off—there is no denying the fact—but he is not utterly depraved and corrupt, the image in which he was made is badly defaced but still visible, spiritual life is low but he still breathes for he is not dead in trespasses and sins but only half dead, so there is hope for his recovery as there could not be were he dead outright. He may be down but he is not yet out. And his Father—because He is his father—still loves him and seeing his plight begins His plan of rescue. First calling Abraham, and with him making a covenant, through him He establishes a family, a tribe, a nation and this nation eventually in slavery in Egypt is led forth by Moses whose brother Aaron becomes the first High Priest. Renouncing Egypt and passing through the baptism of the Red Sea they come (as we do) into the wilderness and there the Tabernacle is set up on which rests the Presence of God represented by the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night.

Have you ever studied the symbolism of the Tabernacle? It is most fascinating and a striking prophecy of the christian religion. In the first place it was set in the midst of the tribes who in their tents rested on the four sides, three tribes to each side, North, South, East and West. (God is in the midst of His people. When Christ comes how often we read He was "in the midst of His disciples?") Yet it had but one door of entrance when four would have been more reasonable. Why? Because

when He came in person, (as He was here in symbol) He cried, "I am the door" and "he that climbeth in any other way is a thief and a robber" and St. Paul says, "there is but one Name under heaven through which we shall be saved." And this remember was about fourteen hundred years before His advent. Moreover the door was supported by five pillars which correspond to the five wounds endured on the Cross and our open portal to salvation. Then too, the sides of the building were made of staves of shittim wood from the acacia tree, each cut to the root and set in a silver socket. Silver in scripture represents spirituality and when we are placed in Christian baptism we have renounced sin and cut it to the root. The staves were held together by a silver rod running through their center and unseen on the surface. Thus the blood of Christ spiritually received but unseen in the Holy Communion binds us together in His Body, the Church. Having no roof the most sacred portion was covered with cloths of various colors, blue, white, red, purple and brown. The blue foretold He should come from heaven; white that He was to be pure and holy; red, that He should shed His blood for our salvation; purple, that finally He should be King of Kings and Lord of Lords; and the brown, that He should become one with His brethren and wear earthly flesh, the badge of our mortality. And the brown cloth was the outer covering and the only one visible from the outside. Physically we are made of dust and (physically) unto dust do we return.

When the great German offensive in March, 1918, shook the world and the hearts of the Allies trembled with fear, I happened to remember all on our side were dressed in khaki, the color of the outer covering of the Tabernacle and I felt convinced that the mailed fist would eventually succumb to the bruised hand and seven months later my confidence was justified. Thus does God teach His children if only we are able to see and ready to learn. The Tabernacle worship developed into the hierarchy and ritual of the Temple priesthood which thus comes first on the scene but being but a priest and not the Saviour he must perforce pass by on the other side. "That's right," says our critic. "The priest always passes by on the other side if he gets half a chance. For you are all a parasitical bunch anyway. You are supported by others to begin with. You are all sky pilots and live in the clouds. You pat the rich on the back but when you come to the poor you pass by on the other side. If you don't believe it ask your Master, He tells you the same thing," and we

answer, you totally misunderstand the story, my friend. We may be a lot of dubbs in your opinion—"pie-face mutts," if you like, but don't forget the Lord chooses the weak of this world to confound the mighty and so you have another guess coming. But how different is the true meaning of the story. The priest is but human after all and like the rest of us is infected with the same poison. He has not the cure but he comes first historically and so points the way for the coming of Him Who alone can cure. Practically the Jewish dispensation of the priesthood was a failure. It became legalistic, formal and lifeless and when He came it passed away. The Levite who next appears represents the dispensation of the Prophets who came nearer the people and by their stirring appeals kept their hopes alive and prevented religion from dying out altogether. They showed more compassion and were more helpful than the priests and Jesus sums up their service by a marvelous touch—the Levite *looks* on the sick man while the priest simply glanced and turned away. But the Prophet too must pass by as he, afflicted with the same disease, cannot cure. But he goes before and so paves the way for the coming of the Divine physician and Saviour. And Christ identifies Himself with the good Samaritan. The history of the Samaritans gives us the reason. When after the death of Solomon the nation was divided into two parts, the ten tribes of the North fell into idolatry and sin and were conquered and carried into slavery by Shalmanezzer in 722 B.C., and thus became lost to history. Thus the kingdom of Israel passed away unless the British and Americans constitute the "bough of Joseph which stretches over the wall"? The Assyrian monarch filled up his newly acquired territory with his own people who intermarried with the handful of Israelites not carried away and thus we have the Samaritans of our Lord's time, a few of whom still survive to-day. The two remaining tribes, Judah and Benjamin with their centre in Jerusalem looked with horror upon their mongrel Jewish neighbors in the North and the Samaritans returned their hatred. And Christ knew they would hate and despise Him and cast Him out of the vineyard and so He identified Himself with them they hated so bitterly and the parable also becomes a prediction of His own death on the Cross. I think we can all understand this caste spirit. The F. F. V.'s of Virginia; the spirit of the descendants of the Mayflower pilgrims; the rancor and ill will between the North and the South; the aristocracy and the common folk of Britain; the patricians and the plebians of ancient Rome and the horrible

system of castes in India are all made out of the same cloth and show how narrow and provincial we all are compared with Him Who regarded all men, black, white, red or yellow as His brethren. But to resume our story. "Then stooping down." He stooped all right. Forsaking the joys and privileges of His Divine pre-existence "He emptied Himself of His glory" and came down from heaven and was born in a stable of a peasant mother and became lowly so that He might rescue the lowliest. He poured oil and wine into his wounds—the wine of His blood to cleanse and the oil of His grace to heal. And Christ takes the wounded sufferer into His arms and sets him on his ass and we ride as He walks by our side.

Here we have a picture of what happens every day in the Church. The mother brings her baby to be received into Christ's fold and the priest, representing the Mother of us all, the Church, takes him into his arms and so adopts him into the Heavenly family. The ass represents His gospel on which we all ride into the Kingdom as He likewise rode into Jerusalem. "That which I speak is not Mine Own but His that sent Me." So He arrives with his stricken friend at the Inn which of course is His Church. How do we know that?

Because the first word He utters is a command, "Take care of him." It is not as though He said, "Here is a stranger wounded and helpless I found on the roadside. If you will please receive and look after him I will be willing to pay all charges." Not at all. He is talking in His own house and to those He has placed in charge and so gives them their life-long orders. "And on the morrow when He departs"—how long did Jesus remain in this world? Thirty-three years, and He sums it all up in one night of darkness. The world *was* in darkness when He arrived but when He left He had inaugurated the daylight of spiritual progress which only shall end in the vision of the perfect day. "When He departed He took out two pence to pay for the stranger's recovery." What are those but the two Sacraments—the Baptism and the Holy Communion—the Font at the beginning and by the Church door and the Altar representing the nourishing and perfecting of the christian life at the other end of the building. The one Sacrament instituted before He died on the Cross and the other before He ascended to the place from which He came. "And whatsoever thou spendest more." Here is a puzzle, what more can we use or spend than what He has given us to use? Human and faulty as we are—His grace entrusted to earthly vessels—what can we con-

tribute of our own that will be of any use? The answer so far as I can see must be found in the clergy themselves whom we may divide for our purpose into two classes. First come the regular routine clergy, those who do their work, preach their sermons, shepherd their people, receive their salaries and then fall asleep and we put up tablets to their memories. Then there are the others. Those who throw themselves and all they have into their work and give up all the comforts of home and culture and go out into the wildernesses and waste places to preach the gospel or throw themselves away in the heathen portions of our great cities or in rural centers. These give *themselves*—they are too much on fire to be content with a routine career and so, like St. Paul, they are glad to be counted fools for Christ's sake. (Why do we wear the dog collar? Because, humanly speaking, it is a dog's life as it was intended to be. We are servants (slaves) for His sake and He has hold of the other end of the chain.) But they have their reward, "I will repay," says their Lord and they are satisfied. "When I return." Every parable closes with a promise of His return in some form or other and the Church sums up His promises with its statement, "He shall come again to judge the quick and the dead."

From all of this what do you think of God's idea of His Church? Not a place where we go for entertainment and to have a good time, surely. The theater can beat the Church any-time at that game, for that is its particular province. Nor simply a place where we are moved by sermons or stirred by passionate appeals though these have their place. But primarily we go to be cured of our sins, to be forgiven, absolved and released unto freedom. Nor is His Church a parade ground for saints—least of all a goodly club of the self-righteous who are forever shouting their virtues and seldom found confessing their sins for such people are not apt to be conscious that they have any sins to confess. No, His Church is for sinners—a place for bad people who know they are bad and seek to become good and those who are good strive to become better. In other words while we may regard the Church in many various ways—a spiritual public school where we may be educated in the truths of religion—an art gallery where our aesthetic tastes may be cultivated—a forum where we may be exalted and stirred, but primarily it is a hospital for sinners (sick people who have no "health in them") and hence we call our ministers doctors and curates. What do they cure? Primarily, not the diseases of the body. That is the physician's privilege. They may help

here very materially but this is not their particular sphere, but the sickness of the heart and soul. So the sisters are the nurses, the sacraments the medicine, the prayer book containing all the requisite prescriptions while the Altar becomes a sort of spiritual operating table. And all act under the direction and with the authority of the Great Physician in the restoration to health and the saving and curing of the soul. "Take care of him," uttered twice, you notice. Not entertain, but cure him. So the shepherd (who is a shepherd and not merely an hireling) goes in and out among his flock, both night and day in the hour of gloom as well as joy and gives his life for his sheep. Nor is the process limited to this life. We start here to be developed and perfected in the world to come. The fruit may be green when it is plucked from this life, but it will be sweetened and ripened in the sunshine of the better land beyond.

WHERE DO WE GO WHEN WE DIE?

One of the strongest proofs that our Lord was right in calling us sheep is the fact that so many are uninterested in the life beyond the grave. "No one knows anything about it," they say, "and there is no need to puzzle our brains until we get there." And all this in face of St. Paul's dictum, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them who are asleep," not to speak of the revelation in Scripture so largely confirmed by modern Science. But the reason such people are uninterested is because so much of the teaching on the life beyond has been so puerile and witless. So thousands of Christians have given up the subject as an hopeless puzzle and have become apathetic on the whole matter. Another anomalous situation has arisen in consequence. The very thing for which the Christian religion was revealed—the certainty of a continued life—is the very thing which so many of its followers have failed to apprehend, and so break down and fall to pieces when they face the fact of death. So many *believe* they believe, and so many *think* they think. Your broken columns in so many cemeteries and the numerous daily visitors thereto is proof of all this, if proof were needed. Notice how the subject of death is avoided in daily conversation and the decline of interest in immortality, and you will not be surprised to see how so much of modern Christianity fails to grip its hearers, that churches are scantily attended and suicide is on the increase. Is it to be wondered at? The Christian religion in these days for want of intelligent teaching has largely broken down, few Christians get any comfort out of it and many Churches are already shot to pieces, and the end is not yet.

POPULAR IDEAS

For what is the popular teaching on this matter? It may be covered by two divisions, the Catholic (meaning the Roman Catholic) and the Protestant. The Roman teaching is that after death the soul enters Purgatory where it suffers in material fire until its sins are expiated—masses being held for its release.

This doctrine is as old and no older than the discovery of America for it dates from 1493 A.D. In a large Roman Church near my own in Brooklyn is a stained glass window in the Sanctuary representing souls writhing in tormenting flames while hands from above are reaching down to release the victims, according to the Masses said at the Altar close by. As all eyes are centered on that window and when the sun streams through, one can imagine the effect as a money making proposition for the Church. It beats even Science and Health at \$3.50 per copy. If I believed that, I should pay all the money I possessed, borrow all I could and what I couldn't borrow I should steal in order that those I loved should be released as quickly as possible. It is as awful as it is ridiculous. For how can there be material fire in a spiritual world? Our Lord appeared in the Upper Room when the doors were shut and the windows fastened. How did He get in? In His spiritual body He passed through matter as light comes through the window. And if there were material fire in the next world we too should pass through it likewise and not know it was there. The trouble with the Roman Church is not so much that she teaches what is untrue but that she has spoiled what is true by overloading it with false concepts that are relics of the dark ages. For purgatory, properly understood, is before all of us, Protestant and Romanist alike, because we each need a fuller purification than this life can afford, if we are to be saved at the last. For Romanism is top heavy with forms of thought that are daily becoming more and more obsolete while Protestantism is no longer a Protest but an internal disorder. Hence the fearful confusion in the religious world and consequently, its alarming weakness.

Protestantism too, has used material fire for some centuries with good advantage in order to scare folks into good conduct, but, nowadays all its preachers are fairly silent on the subject. But, you will object, did not our Lord talk about the flame that is never quenched and the worm that never dies? To be sure, He did but what did He mean? As I have so often pointed out it is not what the Bible says but what it MEANS that counts. We must always remember it is an Eastern book written by Eastern people who think and speak in pictures while we of the West are more literal and direct. Were you to visit an Hindo Rajah or Chinese Mandarin he would profusely salaam, tell you how delighted he was that you would visit his humble abode (which perhaps cost a million) and before he got through you might believe he was going to give you his palace,

his wife and children and all he possessed and all he means is that he is glad to see you. So we have to learn to read the Bible with a grain of salt. Here then, is the origin of our Lord's saying. Eastern people love filth, they revel in it and are not happy unless they are dirty. Jerusalem today is under British control who always clean things up where they can. But even today as you wander through its narrow streets not much wider than this aisle, and find yourself jostling amid donkeys and camels with crowds of people and stores open on both sides with all sorts of food displayed to view and flies by the million, you will get some idea of what it must have been in His day with no white wings or sanitary system. Of course they had to shovel the filth away once in a while or they could not have lived at all so they used to shovel it over the city wall in a deep and narrow valley where a fire was burning and as it was constantly being fed it never went out and the filth bred the vermin which never died. And Jesus took this picture to impress upon their (and our) minds that the sufferings of those who wilfully and deliberately rejected Him in the next world would be equal to the sufferings of those burnt in material fire where the flame of conscience never goes out and the worms of remorse never die. For we can suffer more spiritually than ever we can physically. Nature has her limit and fainting, coma and unconsciousness intervene when that limit is reached, but where is the limit in mental and spiritual suffering? Here in this world where we have the things of time and sense to distract us we can "agonize unto blood" as St. Paul reminds us, but in the next there are no such distractions and we can but faintly imagine what spiritual suffering awaits those who have wilfully rejected their Saviour and realize their loss. What else could be Hell? Hence the reason for the picture. It was the only way in which He could get the truth over.

And what, speaking generally, has been the teachings of Protestantism during the last 300 years. This, that the faithful immediately go to Heaven when they die. When Charles Spurgeon died they put a sign on the gate of his tabernacle, "Chas. Spurgeon entered Heaven at 4.45 P.M." And he is not there yet. If our Lord did not enter Heaven when He died on the Cross there is mighty little chance for us. That He did not is proven by what He told Mary as she met Him at the tomb on Easter morning, "Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father." Where had He been then during the interim? Where we shall all go—into the intermediate state, the world

beyond the grave. For how can we go to Heaven at death when there is to be a general resurrection of the dead and an universal judgment at the last great Day? Do we enter at death to be brought back again at the last day to be judged as to whether we should have entered in the first place? That is not to credit sense to the Almighty. Those preachers who realize the difficulty of the final judgment say we fall asleep at death and remain unconscious until the end of the world when someone will blow a trumpet and there will be a general awakening. But the trouble with that theory is, that we never sleep, not even in this world. The body sleeps but the spirit never or else how do we account for dreams and visions during sleep? Besides St. Peter tells us that our Lord went to preach to the "spirits in prison," and so neither He nor they, could have been asleep. So that won't do.

DIVES AND LAZARUS

But what is the truth in the matter? Consider the story of Dives and Lazarus for the answer. In this story our Lord lifts the curtain that hides the next world and shows us two souls, representing the two divisions of humanity divided by an impassable gulf. Lazarus dies and is carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. Dives dies and without any angelic assistance find himself in torments to his great surprise. He had had everything that this world can offer and thought he would have the same hereafter. But he was sadly mistaken. The whole story is a picture of the next world that is neither heaven nor hell but which is the antechamber to both. This Church teaches it as you enter the building for leaving the street you enter the porch where you pull yourself together before entering the Church proper. The porch thus represents the middle world or intermediate state. Arriving inside, the idea starts all over again for the Nave represents this world and the Chancel the next. The Chancel is on a higher platform than the Nave and where there is a Rood Screen it represents the gate of death through which by faith we can see, though darkly (for it is still a screen) the glories of the world beyond. Here, the choir are robed in white. Why? Because it is pretty or ministers to esthetic beauty? The Church does not do anything because it

is pretty. She is trying to teach us to realize the meaning of what we are constantly looking at. The choir in white represent the souls in the next world being purified and made white for Heaven when the Lord comes to welcome His guests. And they are placed sideways not because that is the best way to sing (for it isn't) but to show that these souls being no longer on earth are not yet in Heaven and so are placed laterally. When that Great Day arrives both this and the next world will pass away and "we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ," which is shown by the Altar rail which guards the entrance into the Sanctuary which represents Heaven and the Altar His Throne where He is present (though invisibly) when "two or three are gathered together," and from which He gives us His Heavenly Food as we kneel before Him. How simple it all is when we see it? But how do we know that the Dives parable does not represent heaven and hell? First, because Lazarus is in Abraham's bosom and had our Lord intended to teach Heaven He would have said he was in the presence of God. Dives too, though in hell is in but its antechamber for he has, bad as he is, enough good left in him to pray for his brothers and none but the wholly bad can enter Hell and the wholly good, Heaven. But before we leave this story see what it implies and remember Christ told it. First, the continuity of life beyond the grave. Also the continuity of consciousness, for both Lazarus and Dives know themselves. Then the continuity of recognition for they know each other and even Abraham too, whom they had never seen in the flesh. So don't worry about not knowing anyone in the next world and finding yourself among strangers. Not much fun in that, is there? How many times have I been asked, "Shall I know my mother in Heaven?" "Did you know her on earth?" Surely. Then do you think you are going to be a bigger fool than you are here? And all this in spite of this story and St. Paul's tremendous statement in the Corinthians, "Then shall I know as even also I AM KNOWN." Continuity of memory is also assured, "Son, Remember." Memory is the link that binds us together from the cradle to the judgment and ever after. Modern psychology shows us that we never really forget anything even in this world. We say we do but we don't. Every experience, yea, and every impression that fades from our consciousness sinks below into the unconscious mind like the impression made on the jelly of a duplicator. All this is revealed as we enter there and this constitutes the personal judgment which immediately

follows death and is not the general judgment at the end of the world.

It is the character and the character only, that counts in the long run. The character is like the climate, our venial sins like the weather. Weather is the occasional, climate is the settled and permanent thing. But sometimes they get a touch of the arctic in Florida, and sometimes we get a touch of the tropics in Maine. It is like that with all of us. The general trend of our character may be one thing but we do many a deed that contradicts it. Weather may often give the lie to climate. Moses, we are told, was the meekest of all men. That was his essential character. That was his "climate." That he burst into a temper at Meribah does not disprove it. That was just a passing storm—"weather." Simon Peter was a devoted and enthusiastic lover of Christ and his shameful outbreak in the judgment hall does not disprove it. "He cursed and swore he knew not the Man"—that was the weather. "Lord, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee"—that was the climate. So it is the climate that really matters. It is the general tenor and bias of a man's character that really settles a man's place. And character can only be biased in one of two ways. It must incline to the right or to the left, to right or to wrong, to good or to evil.

All this accounts for the wonderful radiance which illumines the faces of many of the faithful as they pass on. Then too, there is the continuity of affection for those who have entered that world are QUICKENED and are not less but far more alive than ever they were on earth. Thus their love for us is intensified and their prayers for us increased and deepened. And all this is the meaning of the Communion of Saints which the Church has taught us from the beginning and which, unhappily, so few seem yet to realize. Protestantism has made an awful mess of things for it has practically restored the blank wall of paganism between this world and the next which even Socrates, without revelation, faintly saw through. All which is reflected in the popular saying, "We shall be a long time dead." But it isn't true for five minutes after death we shall be as alive as we were before, in fact, more alive, quickened into greater life.

"Death is another life: we bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier."

Here then we have the reason for our prayers for the dead which the General Convention has recently increased by adding many beautiful ones in the newly-revised Prayer Book. If Christian people fully realized the truths of their religion they would not be running to cemeteries or to mediums but would meet their departed where they are—in the Presence of their Lord at His Altar.

“Saints departed even thus
Hold communion still with us
Praising, pleading, without fail.”
Still with us beyond the veil.

SCRIPTURAL REVELATION. WHERE WE GO

Now let us consider the various texts which throw the best light on this whole subject. First: the statement in the Apostles' Creed, “He descended into Hell,” which the American Methodists have stricken from the Creed as though they knew more about it than did the Apostles. What a fine piece of impertinence—only to be matched by Mother Eddy's ramblings being put on a level with Holy Scripture. But what does it mean? Here is the answer. When the Reformation occurred on the continent it was not a reformation at all but a Revolution. The Church was thrown overboard, the Net was broken and the Bible was put into its place as the center of life and authority. Now see where they are with the modern interpretation of the Bible! In England, happily, it was a reformation, for when the state had cast out the Pope and “his enormities” the Church thereby recovered her ancient and catholic freedom and the services were translated from the Latin into the vulgar tongue. The English word Hell had then two meanings and now it has but one. Hence the confusion. If you ever visit the great fishing port of Grimsby you will find the trawlers arranged with a receptacle in the center of the boat which, reaching down from the deck to the water, has steel netting at the bottom, and as the fish are caught they are thrown into this receptacle until it is full and then the boat returns to dock where the fish are hauled out fresh and partly alive, and thence shipped to the market. This part of the boat today (as always) is still called the hell of the boat. Wander along the leafy lanes of Devonshire and should you meet a farmer who is going to shingle his roof he will tell you he is going to “hell it over” and you would know what he was talking

about. Had you played kiss in the ring in those early days and your little girl friend who wanted you to kiss her, not in the open for that robs its sweetness, would run and hide in the bushes and tell you "I am going to run into hell" and you would follow after. So the word hell in the creed simply means the world not seen, covered over, out of sight, and even the Creed in its rubrics advises us we can say the equivalent if we choose, "He went into the place of departed spirits," if you are too polite to use the word. For hell as we use the word, both Jews and Greeks had a separate word, Gehenna and Tartarus, and we have but the one word hell into which these four, Sheol, Gehenna, Hades and Tartarus, are commonly translated, hence the confusion.

Second : the next text gives us the words our Lord used to the penitent thief, "Today thou shalt be with Me in Paradise," meaning not Heaven but the next world, which still contains all souls waiting for the final judgment. But why did He call it Paradise? And back of this is a still greater question. Where did the whole idea of this other world come from? Up to the time of the 16th century, A.D., the whole world believed the earth was flat and immovable and that both sun and moon revolved around it. Then along came Copernicus, who showed us we were living and always had lived on a revolving ball spinning around itself at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and so there is and never was any up or down, only in our own imagination. Does this disprove the Bible? Not a bit of it, for the Bible was never intended to teach Science, but Religion, and in that realm it is, and always will be, supreme. That there are mistakes is to be expected and it is a proof that the records are written when they are said to be written, for they reflect the meagre knowledge of their day and are therefore honest documents. With this flat, stable idea of the world it was but natural the ancients should regard heaven as up in the clouds, but before going there souls should descend into the bowels of the earth (or bottom of the sea) and this sphere the Hebrews called Sheol, and the Greeks Hades. Their ideas about it were not very clear or definite. Life was continuous, but it was more existence than life, for the soul entered the abode of shades, a misty, foggy world, and Homer expresses the idea in the words of Achilles when he tells us "he would rather be a day laborer on the earth than the king of all the dead."

IMMORTALITY IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

Many people contend that the Hebrews did not believe in a future life and that we find no teaching of immortality in the Old Testament. But this is not true, and although, as we might expect, the ideas are shadowy, nevertheless they are there. Right at the beginning of their literature at the death of the patriarchs we read: "He died and was buried and was gathered to his fathers." Gathered where? Certainly not in the grave but in the shadowy underworld of Sheol. Later on we have the story of David's mourning in sackcloth and ashes over the sickness of his child, and when his courtiers bring the news of the child's death he arises from the earth, puts aside his mourning garments, dresses himself in court apparel and, to the astonishment of his courtiers, orders a banquet. "When the child was sick," they protest, "you fast and pray, and now he is dead you rise to feast," and listen to David's answer, "I shall go to him but he will not return to me," and they say there is no immortality in the Old Testament. You all know the 23rd Psalm. Have you realized what it says? Two thousand years before Christ appears the Psalmist writes, "Though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death"—he calls it a shadow rather than a substance. And what is a shadow but that cast by light through which we walk into the sunshine. And Jesus, who knew all this (and strangely enough never recognizes death but calls it sleep), on the cross changes Sheol to Paradise. His going there made it so as His coming here has put whatever joy there is in human existence. As Lecky says: "The three short years of His life have done more to regenerate and soften the heart of humanity than all the disquisitions of the philosophers or teaching of the moralists". The Apostle sums it all up when he says, "He hath brought life and immortality TO LIGHT". As no man is the same again to whom Jesus has come so He illumined Sheol by His going there and made it Paradise. The Jews understood what He meant when He used the word for their contact with the Persians during their captivity from 586 to 536 B.C. had brought them in touch with the religion of Zoroaster and Paradise, a Persian word, had been adopted into their vocabulary. The meaning of the word throws a whole flood of light on the world to come for Paradise means a Park surrounding a Palace. Like the great estates of to-day surrounded by high wall or iron fence we leave the dusty road to enter the main gate and find ourselves among the trees, and birds and flowers with the roads

winding in every direction to the House, Baronial Hall, Castle or Palace which typifies Heaven. As the Rood Screen in the Church which divides the Nave from the Chancel and through the gate of which we pass through and up so when death comes we leave this drab and dusty existence of earth, pass through the gate into the sunshine and enter the beauteous glory of Paradise—the Elysian fields of the higher and better life. Something like leaving the cold and snowy wastes of Maine and rolling into the balmy air and sunshine of Florida in the winter season. And what is there to fear, pray, in that? Well may St. Paul say, “Oh Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, thy victory?” It is time we understood the joys of our religion.

WHAT SHALL WE DO THERE?

Third: And what shall we do when we get there? St. John answers that question for us, “Write,” saith the spirit. From HENCEFORTH Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works “GO WITH THEM”, which is the correct translation. Calvin has an awful lot to answer for. His followers got into the Savoy Conference and wrote his ideas and opinions into holy writ and the christian world has been suffering therefrom until the revised and correct version appeared in 1881. In Acts 2nd v. 47 we have “The Lord added to the Church such as should be saved” in place of “those who were being saved.” Be ye perfect even as your Father, etc., in place of “Ye shall be perfect” which is all the difference in the world. Jack Dempsey is a great mauler but Jack Calvin was the greatest bruiser of holy writ who ever lived and the world is not free from his punches yet. The wet climate of Scotland does not altogether account for the drab, sour Scot. So here in the authorized version we have “their works do follow them” in place of “go with them” and this wrong translation, if the truth were known, gave us George Eliot’s peculiar ideas or immortality. “We rest” Well, thank God for that for we certainly need to. But what do we mean by rest? Doing nothing? That seems to be the popular opinion and that is the reason so few are interested in the other life and immortality has ceased to be talked about. Or shall we all sit on damp clouds pushing them around while playing on harps and singing psalms and hymns forevermore? What a fine prospect? If that were all I should prefer to stay on the Bowery or Whitechapel.

"There was an old woman who always was tired
She lived in a house where no help was hired
When she was sick, she said, "Dear friends I am going
Where washing ain't done and there's no cleaning nor sewing
And where's there no eating, there'll be no washing of dishes
And although I know there'll be plenty of singing
I having no voice will get rid of the singing
So don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never
For I'm going to do NOTHING for ever and ever."

It can't be anything like that, to say the least. We shall rest all right but not that way. Notice the difference in the two words. We shall rest from all the wearisome drudgery of life when we put off this physical body with all its moods and pains and aches; we shall rest from all the allurements, enticements and distractions of this wicked world and also rest from the temptations, goods, and blandishments of the devil and all his works for World, flesh and devil are all ruled out in the world to come. So while resting we shall be ever busy for "our Works go with us." First released from the handicap of the economic pressure—"the eternal belly," as Carlyle calls it. Think what that will mean when for the first time most of us can do what we wish and for as long as we wish. Think of the various desires and tastes in the realms of art and music and literature we have not been able to exercise in our straitened life here below? Think of our strivings after truth and beauty and knowledge of truth in which the best of us have made such little progress. THERE we shall have all of God's universe of truth before us with perfect freedom to explore wherever we may wish. How we shall grow in knowledge THERE and with the growing increase our joys?

"The facts of life confirm the hope
That in a world of larger scope
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone."

Think this out for yourselves. I can only suggest it. Remember what Victor Hugo said of his life and work as he laid his earthly tools by and took his departure. Also together with our mental growth and intellectual apprehension of the "wonders of His laws" there will be our growth in the "wonders of his Grace" and our spiritual development will be the most glorious of all.

What a lot of sour christians there are in every Church. Good Lord, deliver them, they need some place in which to sweeten if they are ever going to be ripe for the harvest. Bishop Roper of Ottawa when Professor in the General Theological Seminary came to my Brooklyn Church to preach for me and after lunch we were speaking on this theme and he said, "Bentley, I think it will be something like this. When I was in England I lived in a four square vicarage and on one corner it had a vine growing whose roots spread to the West and to the South. The grapes on the west side owing to the cold Atlantic winds were three weeks later in ripening than those which had the southern exposure." "I see," said I: "The root is in both worlds and when this is over we enter the sunshine and ripen in sweetness for the Master's table." Growing purer, kinder, sweeter will have its attendant pains but we shall be only too glad to endure them when we see the consequent result of perfection at the last. Thus the next world must inevitably be a purgatory or place of purification for each and all according to our needs. Leaving a world of sham for a world of truth to begin with cannot be altogether a joyous experience. It necessarily has its other side. Should we die fully repentant and forgiven still there are the gaps and stains sin has made in our souls which need to be worked and suffered out. There was a boy once who was an inveterate liar. His father punished him to no purpose, the boy still continued in his fault. Finally, seeing the futility of that method when he lied again his father took him in the backyard and in silence drove a nail in a board. Later when the boy repented his father took him and pulled the nail out of the board. This continued for sometime until the board had several holes in it and the boy came to himself and said, "Daddy, I see what you mean. Every time I lie it seems like driving another nail in Jesus and when I'm sorry you draw it out. But, daddy, what about the holes? Who's going to fill them up?" "Ah, my boy, that is your business. I can't do that for you." Isn't it true? We "work out our OWN salvation and as we sow so must we reap." We don't get away with anything in this universe, we only fool ourselves and think we do. We shall all need to be beaten with stripes some more, some less. We shall all "be saved so as by fire"—the fire of sorrow and remorse when we see the holes our sins have made in the Lord of Love. Hence our prayers for the dead. That God will grant them mercy and help them to patiently endure whatever may be necessary for their final purification. That is the meaning of praying that His

Light may shine upon them and light, remember, burns as well as shines and the more brightly it shines the more it will burn. Like the chemist who watches the quicksilver burn until all its dross is removed and he can see the reflection of his face and knows it is fully purified.

Then again think of the ministry in that world. What an immigration problem there must be there. Thirty-six million souls entering every year, three million each month, one hundred thousand every twenty-four hours. Two thirds of these non Christian who having through no fault of their own, been denied the knowledge of Christ before Whom as Judge, they and we must stand at the last day? Where shall they learn it if not there? And what, think you, will His faithful preachers be doing? When that great Saint of the English Church, Dr. Pusey lay dying, his physician said to him, "I'm sorry Dr. to tell you but you have preached your last sermon." Yes, said the dying saint, "on earth." (What a glorious outlook I have before me if found faithful! I shall have enormous congregations who can't fall asleep if they want to and can't get away for they will have nowhere else to go and I can preach as long as I like? That is why I am getting my training now, I suppose.) Then too, think of the babies being mothered over the border by those who have left their own behind? The idea of ministry is illimitable and even the various modern luncheon clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis and the rest are all playing their part in their training for the other world. That is the reason, perhaps, why so many of the young and talented are called away to where they are more greatly needed.

NEXT WORLD FAR FROM UNIFORM

Fourth: "In my Father's House are many mansions." This does not mean that the other life is a vast apartment house in which the Episcopalians will occupy the parlor and the rest be relegated to the attic and kitchen. Far from it. When people travelled in stage coaches, only a little over a hundred years ago, they stopped at the big English Inns for refreshments while the horses were being changed. These Inns were called Mansions and the word was used to convey the idea of the various resting places on the way to the journey's end in the New Jerusalem. For life there, as here, is not uniform. There are many spheres on both sides of the gulf and like Judas we shall each go to where we belong on whichever side it may be, to carry on

there where we leave off here. Hence the many mansions or spheres and degrees of spiritual development where each will find his own place according to his choice made on this side of the grave. This does not imply a second chance. The heathen and those who know not Christ through no fault of their own have not had a first chance but those of us who have and have deliberately rejected it are not apt to accept it if again offered. The rule must work both ways and if it is unthinkable that the good there can become bad, then the bad cannot become good. We cannot dogmatize where Scripture itself is so silent. The word of our Lord that the sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven "either in the world to come" MAY imply other sins may be forgiven there but who knows anything about it? We can only hope. We have not much light in this quarter but what we have is insistent that we "work while it is yet day for the night cometh when no man can work." NOW is the day of salvation and the sooner we seize it and make it our own the farther we shall be along the road of holiness and the less we shall have to make up in pain when we reach the other side.

WHERE IS THE OTHER WORLD?

Fifth: But where is this other world you are talking about? Preaching on this subject, for several Sundays in St. George's Church, Belfast, some years ago the manager of the Trolley system of the city sent me a request saying he had enjoyed what I said so far but unless I could show him where the other world was I was talking about he would take no stock in anything I had said. Well, I am glad I do not have to answer for St. Paul has already told us in words that could not be plainer when he says, "While we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal but the things which are not seen are eternal." II. Cor. IV v. 18. Perhaps this is the greatest verse in the Bible in point of revelation. For what does it teach but that the other world is not far away, but that we are already in it but cannot see nor sense it. The early Christians could not get this as we can for they suffered from wrong cosmological ideas. In the catacombs beneath Rome are many graves with inscriptions like this, "The body of Alexander rests in this tomb but his soul is beyond the stars." It was natural for them to think so but we know better. There seem to be three spheres of life for all of us—in our mother's womb where we are alive and yet wholly unconscious

of the life to come in the outer world. Then this womb of our earthly life in which we are unconscious of the spiritual or inner world which again is the womb from which after the judgment the holy shall enter into Heaven, the life eternal. Three in one, here you see as everywhere. Yes, be sure of it, the inner world interpenetrates this world like water flows through a net but the majority of us are so earthly that we are wholly unconscious of it. Maeterlinck says somewhere "it is only by the communication we have with the infinite that we are to be distinguished from each other" and, "the greatness of the greatest of men has but consisted in that they have trained their eyes (and hearts) to be open to every ray of light." Our Lord's source of strength and joy was that He was in continual communion with His Father and the inner world to Him because of His sinlessness was an open book and thus He saw through the open door of death and called it sleep which verily it is to this world though wider awake than ever in the next. Flowers seem to constitute the border line between the two worlds for are they not "spiritual ideas printed in the book of matter?" Earthly in substance yet spiritual in beauty and perfume, they resemble the fringe of the garment of God—the earthly veil in which He hides Himself and yet reveals His Presence. Do we not also resemble the fish in the sea? Unconscious (like ourselves) of the life above them on earth and in the air they too must rise to inhale the fresh air or perish. We too live at the bottom of an ocean some sixty miles in depth and the more frequently we rise and lift up our hearts in prayer the more we are alive. Let us then open the windows of our hearts and hear the sounds so fine that nothing lives betwixt them and silence.

SCRIPTURAL PROOF

Do you ask for proofs of the unseen world? Here are some, both scriptural and scientific. Take our Lord's three raisings from the dead. Called by Jairus to heal his sick child on His way to the house the child dies and Jesus refusing to recognize death says, "She is not dead but sleepeth." And they laugh Him to scorn. So he puts them out of the house and entering takes the child by the hand and calls "Tabitha, arise, and she arose straightway." Where was she? Not far away for she heard His Voice and life obeys the Source of life. The widow's only son at Nain, dead perhaps a few hours. He meets the bier and pitying the widow stops it and commands "Young man, I say unto thee

arise." "And immediately he sat up and He restored him to his mother." He too, heard and obeyed as obey he must. The story of Lazarus is still more significant for he had been dead four days. Yet Jesus still says he is asleep until finally being unable to convince them He says as though He had grown tired of arguing, "All right, have it your own way. Lazarus is dead." Then He calls with a loud voice "Lazarus, come forth" and Lazarus obeyed. But why the loud voice? If there is space in the other world Lazarus had travelled on and it required the loud voice to reach him. Why Lazarus (like St. Paul after his third heaven experience) is silent on the other world can only be for one of two reasons: either it was forbidden or impossible to relate. (Here is a setback to what is called Spiritualism whose claims of familiarity with the other world are so nauseating.) Then take the Transfiguration story and see what that reveals. Christ on the mountain top is illumined by the radiance of the other world into which He could have stepped in place of entering via the shameful cross had He so desired. But No, He prefers to bear our sin and significantly comes down from the mountain and is immediately surrounded by misery as he heals the demoniac. The light which shone and made Him transparent revealed Moses and Elijah. Where had they come from? Nowhere necessarily. They were there all the time and the glory revealed their presence. And they too, came seeking information which strongly suggests that those in the next world do not yet know all there is to be known. All are in a state of growth, development or evolution in the spiritual realm.

SCIENTIFIC REVELATION

Now for the scientific proof of the unseen world. What is life? The best definition Science can give us is that of Herbert Spencer, "Life is correspondence with environment" which is like describing a bird cage with the bird left out. But it is the best we have. So physically, if I take my three squares daily and get so much rest and exercise I shall keep my body in good condition and remain in correspondence with my physical environment. And I have a mind and through the exercise of thought, reading and study I keep in touch with my mental environment and so alive in that quarter. But I am a spirit. How do I know that? Because I can pray and am the only animal I know of who can commune with the unseen. I had a big Newfoundland dog at

one time who, I believe, understood everything I did except when we had family prayers. Then as I knelt he sat by my side with his big paw on my neck until I said Amen and he sighed as though "thank God, that's over" for he couldn't make head or tail of it. The dog has memory, reason and affection which may survive beyond who knows? But he can't pray. But I *can* and so know I am made in my father's image for I can commune with Him. And this instinct is possessed by the lowest rough-neck who if he doesn't pray, swears, and that is the same instinct turned in the wrong direction. Think it over. How then do I live spiritually if my spiritual environment is somewhere beyond the stars? Now do you see where the Church comes in? Not merely a human organization to minister to my spiritual instinct, God forbid, but rather a Divine Organism which focusses the unseen into the seen (like the machine which throws the picture on the screen) and thus reveals it even to my senses through the symbolic arrangement of Nave, Chancel and Sanctuary together with the various items of ritual, ceremony and sacrament. So Emmanuel, "God with us," here and now veiled in that mystical Body the Church, and animated by the Holy Spirit of which She is the earthly incarnation. If you can't see this, listen. At every Eucharistic service the Church for centuries has put this language into the mouths of her priests: "Therefore, with Angels and Archangels and all the host of heaven, (not up in the sky but here and now) we worship Thee, O God." What could be plainer? So you see the value of Church going as a means of keeping in touch with our spiritual environment. If you want to live you must eat, if you want to develop your intelligence you must study and if you want to live spiritually you must pray, fast and take the Divine food to feed your soul and keep you strong and thus grow in grace. Neglect this and you must starve and have a lean and withered soul. What could be plainer? And thus keeping in faithful correspondence with my spiritual environment through the Organism Christ Himself designed and built for the purpose I bring myself into communion with the saints both seen and unseen and though I cannot sense the latter I know they are there. My dear mother departed this life twenty-five years ago and is buried in what was then, my own brother's churchyard and yet I have not visited her grave more than three times in the interim. Why? Because I know that is useless for when I want to meet her I meet her where our common Lord is, and at His Table.

"Though I cannot speak a word
I shall hearken what you say
And be often, often, with you
When you think me far away."

" 'Tis here I feel how near thou art
Thy face I almost see
When in the Eucharist I touch
The Hand that touches thee."

FOLLY OF SPIRITUALISM

But all this you say is spiritualism? Far from it. Spiritualism is about the most unspiritual thing I know and spiritualists are the dreariest people one can meet. Their effort to materialize the unseen is to say the least, childish as evidenced by the prattle that comes over in their so-called seances where those beyond seem to have lost what intelligence they possessed when on earth. And even if messages are received who knows but what evil spirits have power to impersonate others and befuddle the brains of those who meddle with them? It is not for nothing that Scripture forbids such practices. As a money making game it is a success—and the world is full of bunk of that kind—but if those in grief understood and believed their religion as expressed in the Communion of Saints they would have no reason to waste their time or money in such forbidden practices. The Society of Psychical Research is another matter altogether and whatever conclusions they reach may be accepted with joy by a grateful world for they have certainly established the continuity of life beyond the grave and confirmed what the Scriptures assert. It is only evidence that has convinced them and not mere imagination in whose case the wish is father to the thought. Living to-day with the wireless communication of sounds on every hand we may yet have a wireless communication of souls, but until we do it is not wise to peep and peer. But can our loved ones see us from the other side? Personally I think not for the veil between is still between. Yet who knows? The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews assures us that "we are surrounded by witnesses" but he does not tell us if the witnesses are humans or angels, more probably the latter as there would not be much rest for some of the former should they see all that was transpiring on this side. But they must know far more about us than

we know about them for every soul that enters carries the latest information of this world which they will be as ready to impart as they will be to receive. Yet :

“The unforgotten, dearest dead may be
Watching us, with unslumbering eyes and heart
Brimful of words, which cannot yet be said,
Brimful of knowledge they may not impart,
Brimful of love for you and love for me.”

But no one knows and we must wait and see.

“Others mistrust and say, ‘But time escapes’

Live now or never

We say : What’s time? Leave that for dogs and apes

Man has forever.”

“Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made Him and Thou art just.”

HOW SHALL WE BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY?

"I believe in the resurrection of the body" is the plain statement of the Apostles' creed which the Church for practically nineteen hundred years has called upon her children to recite and believe. On the last statement in the creed "and the life everlasting" there has been little or no difficulty for this life demands another to give it meaning and purpose. For why do we live at all if this is all there is to it? So both faith and reason concur in the belief in a life to come. But with the resurrection of the body it is far otherwise. We can not state the proposition without the mind jumping up with its When, Why, How, and Where? Here is a Staten Island saloon keeper who willed his body be cremated and the ashes blown from the top of the Statue of Liberty. At the Resurrection will his ashes be gathered together and his body rebuilt and established? What became of the body of John Wicliffe, the morning star of the reformation? His poor body was dug up and burnt and his ashes thrown in the Avon which flows into the Severn and the Severn into the ocean which spread them all over the world, a significant gesture of his efforts to declare freedom for humanity. The middle ages believed the body possessed a resurrection bone out of which the new body would be fashioned at the last. These and similar ideas arose from accepting the statement literally and confusing the physical with the spiritual body. But no physician's scalpel has ever been able to discover this bone and science knows that every particle of matter which constitutes the body laid in the grave decays and wholly disappears into its pristine elements. And it knows more. For it also knows that this body we possess which appears so solid and stable is changing every instant and that seven years ago (and some say one year) we did not possess one atom of matter we possess to-day. So that if we live to be forty-two years of age we are living in our sixth body and if seventy our tenth. This credal statement is far easier to believe than we imagined for resurrection is a process which is going on all the time. Every boy is a resurrection from a babe

and every man from a boy, and an aged man from one in maturity. Literally, we are 'dying daily' and the conflict between the constructive and destructive forces is carried on through life until the destructive prevails and we are buried. BUT *what is* buried? not ourselves, but only our outer husk. ("What a full place this is" said a visitor to a cemetery. Full? said his friend. Why it is the emptiest place in the world.) For we are all NUTS. You're a nut and I'm a nut and you have no reason for offence when told the truth. For what is the highest product in the vegetable kingdom but the nut on the tree and we are the highest product on the tree of life. The nut has its outer husk, its inner shell and the kernel. What has preserved your personal identity through all these years when the outer matter which constitutes your physical body has been passing on and off like a flowing river? The answer is your internal shell which St. Paul tells us in his first letter to the Corinthians is the spiritual body. "There is a natural body and there *is* (not only will be) a spiritual body." So in the spiritual body (unclothed from the physical) we emerge at death into the better life in Paradise. Visit Ellis Island and with your immigrant friend newly arrived from some European village you wander up Broadway and presently stand beneath the Woolworth building and gazing at its stupendous height he is apt to say "How did they get all that stone to stand so high without falling down through its own weight?" "That isn't a stone building," you answer. "Do you think I'm a fool," he responds, "Look at it." "Yes, it's there, but still it is not a stone building but built of steel. The stone is but its outer ornament and were it all removed business could go on as usual if its occupants were not afraid of being blown away." So we are (again) triune in body as all else, physical, spiritual and this spiritual will in the next world develop into the celestial, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" when finally we shall be perfected, body, soul and spirit and so remain forevermore.

REASONS FOR THE FORTY DAYS

Have you ever wondered why our Lord returned to earth for forty days following his resurrection? To complete the final instruction of His Apostles as the founders of His Kingdom, you reply. True. But for no other reason? Think again. He was Man and as man perfected in all points as we are but without

sin and within these forty days passed through the human experience (still before us) of the development of His spiritual body into the Celestial and when this was reached His Ascension into the highest heaven was a foregone conclusion. Besides what became of Him when during these forty days He was far more absent than present? We have eleven recorded appearances during this period and perhaps the whole of them together would not have occupied more than a full day. Where was He then during the time measured by the remaining thirty-nine? Passing in and out between the two worlds and completing His work in both realms and at the same time attaining the bodily perfection of His manhood which in its celestial form He took with Him on high. So with ourselves it is evident that the material molecules which compose our flesh and blood and bones, and which can be analysed and resolved into their chemical constituents, cannot be a permanent part of the body, since in this life they are in a continual state of flux, and are only the food which we have assimilated by the processes of digestion. The body then is not the chemical constituents of which its tissues are composed, but an inner, spiritual organism which has the power of taking into itself, by the processes of digestion, certain material elements needed to build up its tissue, and to supply its waste, in order that it may fulfill its functions in this life. In the next life, wherein the conditions are different, we can quite conceive that the organism may supply its needs in an entirely different manner. When death comes to each of us and we slough off this earthly husk we enter the next world clothed in the finer spiritual body (which has assured our personal identity and recognition through all the changes of our earthly life) and over there, in consequence, will be immediate recognition through the identity of the organism, without, of course, an identity of molecular tissues. Thus it will be the same body in its second and more beautiful stage which again in the ethereal atmosphere of that world will again supply its needs in a manner (yet unknown) and so develop into the final celestial and glorified body to remain forever permanent, when "we see Him face to face" and shall be satisfied, "because we shall be like Him." How far our actions here tend to help or mar our inner body is something we cannot say but we may feel sure that every right thought, word and deed will be a deposit that will draw a wonderful interest when we face the final Cashier to render our account on the last day, and "the righteous will shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

Thus the development of life from the cradle to the judgment aided by sacramental grace entails a continued resurrection or transubstantiation of the body in both worlds until it attains complete perfection and enters heavenly glory. In this life our movements are regulated and limited by the mobility of our bodies; in heaven they will be controlled by the mobility of the spirit and we shall be forever joyous and free. And that will be heaven indeed.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST AND THE UNIVERSAL JUDGMENT

"He shall descend like lightning with the trump of the Archangel and the voice of God

And all nations shall be gathered before Him and He shall separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats"

"For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Romans XIV v. 10.

"It is appointed unto men once to die but after this a judgment." Heb. 9 v. 27.

The last two statements show us there are two judgments for all of us. The first immediately follows death when we are judged individually and our spiritual condition at the time determines our place in the next world on either side, right or left, of the gulf and the particular place therein we are fitted to fill. The first two texts tell of the General Judgment which will not happen until the end of the world. The first judgment will reveal us to ourselves. The last will reveal each to each and all to all and God will be justified. But why believe in a judgment at all? And the answer is human life demands it as well as God's justice. When we think of the injustices and inequalities of our earthly life, the unmerited suffering so many, if not all of us, have to bear, both reason and faith demand justification. When we sum it all up there are only two great events in history and these are the two personal comings of Christ. It is like a great drama in two acts of which the Bible is the prompt book—the record of the first coming and the prophecy of the second. Both are personal, the first in weakness and meekness and the second in majesty and glory.

IMPERSONAL COMINGS

But between these two personal comings there are what we may term His impersonal comings in condemnation or blessing of which secular history is the record. First in blessing when the Holy Ghost descended on the disciples at Pentecost and transformed them from cowards into heroes and through His power they turned the world upside down. Then forty years after His Ascension he came in judgment and Jerusalem which had rejected Him was destroyed, not one stone being left upon another. Titus and his Roman cohorts besieged the city, throwing over their torches and setting it afire while famine set in and completed what they had begun. Eleven hundred thousand Jews were massacred and crucified until there was no wood left for crosses to be had. "His blood be on us and on our children" they had cried on Good Friday and their prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. The High Priest with his family (last of his line) jumped madly into the flames and therewith Judaism passed away for a living church demands a living and divinely authorized ministry.

His Spirit fortified the martyrs of the Roman arena for three centuries until Constantine coming to the throne and converted by the flaming cross issued the edict of toleration and the Christians came out of their holes in the earth, built their temples on the surface and the world smiled on the Church. Then the Church in the eternal city reared its head above the rest justifying its action from its central position as head of the Empire and fortifying its claim with forged decretals and twisted interpretation of Scripture until it attained the summit of its ambition and held the world in its grasp and the mind of man in bondage. Then He came again in the upheaval of the sixteenth century and the prophets of the Reformation shook the old Church and released millions from its thralldom. That they went too far is evident for the Reformation on the continent was a Revolution while in England the Church freed itself from Papal abuses but retained its Catholic heritage. But the Pope was not satisfied to lose his pet child and the Spanish Armada with its two hundred and thirty galleons sailed up the English Channel to bring England once more under the Roman yoke. The war dogs of the period, Raleigh, Frobisher, Drake and the rest were playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe as the Armada came into sight and with the heroism of the race they cried "Gentlemen, let us finish the game." You can never beat a race of that fibre for they will

always win the last fight. We are proud to belong to the same family. The galleons rolled leisurely up certain of victory for had they not God on their side being blessed by the Pope? So the officers feasted and became drunken while the English in the gathering darkness sent their swift fireboats among them to their utmost confusion. At the critical moment God took a hand and down came a terrific storm that swept these mighty galleons to pieces on the rocks of the northern coasts while but a mere shattered fragment reached Spain. A coming in judgment.

Then Columbus sailed the mighty main and was deflected from landing on what became this country by a little floating seaweed and South America is Roman Catholic in consequence while the United States were preserved to be the home of the brave and the land of the free. Then we had the Revolution and this nation became independent and the family was divided. England therein learned her lesson of colonization which later made the British Empire possible while this country became the refuge and melting pot of untold millions.

Then came the Civil War with all its horrors and the question of the freedom of the slave and the equality of black and white, bond and free, in Christ's kingdom had to be fought out and another Abraham was raised to lead us into the promised land. Finally we have the World War which is too near us to be fully understood. To be too near a great event or person is fatal for recognition. Stand beneath Pike's Peak in Colorado and with its surrounding hills it does not seem much, but go fifty miles across the prairie and look back and the hills have disappeared while the Peak stands out in all its majesty piercing the heavens. So with the world war. Our descendants will find its spiritual meaning for we know it is there. Thus the comings are like the waves of the tide until the final wave brings the end and time is no more and Christ is in the midst to judge both quick and dead.

Poetry, through Tennyson, calls the universal judgment "that one, far off, divine event towards which the whole creation moves" while Science assures us the sun is gradually losing its bulk at the rate of 120 miles each year in giving light and heat to its planets and Prof. Serviss tells us that the slightest change in solar radiation would sweep this planet of life as a broom sweeps a floor and that this change is at hand is evidenced by the growth of sun spots. But we won't have to wait for the sun

to cool to usher in the last day. Things will be going on as usual when He appears. There will be marriage and giving in marriage and all of earth's activities will be in full blast.

THREE PREPARATORY EVENTS

However there are three things which must be accomplished before the veil that hides us from the other world will be lifted. First the Gospel must be preached to all people. Not received mark you, but preached, for had He to wait for universal acceptance He would never come. The world is growing smaller every day and there are but few places where the Gospel in some sort has not been preached while the wonders of radio, television and the rest are annihilating distance and changing the world into an open room.

Secondly, the Church must be reunited. That was our Lord's special prayer and being His, it is sure to be answered. Our Church, happily, has taken the lead in this direction as the Chicago quadrilateral of forty years ago and the present Commission of Faith and Order with the recent Lausanne Conference testifies. Other Churches are feeling the pressure and the Holy Spirit is gradually bringing us into what will be ultimate unity when we shall be one in Him as He is one with God. Have you ever thought out the meaning of those two miracles Jesus performed on what I call the two fishing excursions of the Apostles? During His earthly life they were out all one night and caught nothing and meeting them He told them to let down the net and they caught so many the net broke. What did that mean? Did He perform the miracle to simply give them some fish? No, indeed. His miracles are parables in action. His Church He taught was like a net cast into the sea to catch fish of EVERY kind and for 1500 years it did so until it broke at the reformation. So this miracle was a prophecy of Church history. After the Resurrection the same thing happened again and the Form on the beach told them to cast their net on the Right side of the ship. They did so and the net being drawn to shore they found it to contain one hundred and fifty-three fish of the same kind, size and quality, prophesying a certain number of the saved (known only to the Father) when His Church shall have fulfilled its mission and be drawn to the shore of eternal life. And in this account you notice the net is mended and so we know His Church will be mended and reunited in His own

good time. But we must help Him to do it. "The world will believe that Thou hast sent Me."

Finally the Jews will be converted. Rather a tall order, you say. But remember the existence of the Jew is one of the greatest proofs of Christianity. He said Himself, "this generation (meaning race) shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled." And here they are still. Without Church or nation, hounded for centuries on all sides, they still survive. And when they come into the kingdom of their own Messiah Whom they rejected what an overflowing zeal in the world's conversion will be manifested. Their racial tenacity and perseverance spiritually directed will put us all to shame. For, after all, we are but guests in their house. The veil that fell over their hearts at His rejection will be lifted and in humble gratitude they will crowd His courts and compel others to come in. Notice the changed attitude of the Jew towards Christ to-day compared with even twenty-five years ago. Then they would not mention His name but with loathing and now they are hailing Him as their great Prophet. Besides they are coming in before our very eyes through the back door of Christian Science. This is the entering wedge which will make way for the flood, which, perhaps partially justifies the movement?

WHEN WILL HE COME?

When will He come? That we cannot tell and He said Himself He didn't know for "that hour was known only to the Father." How foolish as well as impertinent for Christians then to try to determine the time of His advent? Forty years ago the Millerites of Kentucky fixed the date, sold their goods and chattels, clothed themselves in white and mounted their roofs to welcome His coming and for all I know they are sitting there yet. The other day a Long Island farmer fixed the date and the world waited in suspense. But the day passed, the old world rolled on and the farmer returned to digging potatoes. The easiest way to get in print and be a headliner is to predict His coming and nearly everyone sits up and takes notice. It only proves how deep seated the expectation is in the hearts of men. He will come—when He will come—and that is all anyone can say about it.

HOW WILL HE COME?

Finally, how will He come? This is the most important of all and requires some thinking. Certainly we cannot take the account in the Acts literally where the angel said, "Ye shall see Him come as ye see Him go." This was said to impress the fact rather than the manner of His coming. For they did not know they were living on a round ball which revolves incessantly both on its own axis and also around the sun. So He cannot return to the Mount of Olives as He left for if He did, how should we see Him who live on the other side of the planet? The whole world, remember, up to the sixteenth century was living and thinking under the influence of the Ptolomaic theory which taught the earth was both flat and fixed and then Copernicus came along and showed the reverse to be true. His coming will be the end of time and, for us, of matter for the earth will be rolled up as a garment as St. Peter says the material creation will vanish—and Science to-day is assuring us that matter is only motion after all. Longer than six thousand years ago the ancient prophet told us that the Spirit "moved" on the elements and set them going and they have been going ever since under His omnipresent guidance. Let the motion cease and the visible will immediately vanish into the invisible. So Science to-day is catching up with religion and proving it right along. When this happens those here in their physical bodies will be suddenly transformed "in the twinkling of an eye" into their spiritual bodies and they, together with all those who have gone before—the so called "dead"—will "meet Him in the air" and see Him as He is within their midst, where He has been all the time but their eyes were veiled. On that day it will not mean that those then alive will see Him come down to them but rather *they will be lifted up to Him*. He descended once for all. Now we must ascend in order to see Him. That is ever true spiritually—it will be truer then for it will be the literal fact.

THE JUDGMENT

And what will the revelation of His Presence mean to us all? It will be a day of terror for all of us because it will be a day of TRUTH when the "hidden things will become known and the secrets of all hearts will be revealed." In this world so much is hidden from the closest scrutiny and thus a certain amount of comfort is possible even for the sinner but on that day all will

be removed and if still impenitent they will cry "for the rocks to fall and cover them" but there will be no rocks to fall! "Every eye shall see Him even those who pierced Him." How do I know all this? First because the Bible reveals it to me and secondly because I have already experienced something like it. Years ago when a boy I went very early one morning to the East River in New York to swim. I had had two lessons and boy like thought I was as much at home in the water as on the land. But I had another thought coming. I swam out some distance to where it was about forty feet deep and then decided to return. But the current caught me and as I turned I sank. When I came up I shouted and there were some younger children on the bank who shouted too. But that did not help much. I sank the second time and as I came up I saw the whole of my life as a complete picture, saw it in detail as a panorama and at the same time saw it as a whole. From this experience I can readily understand the immediate personal judgment after death. I knew if I went down the third time I should stay there—the trinity is the basic fact in life and touches everything both human and divine—so I prayed as I never prayed before and God answered my prayer for before I knew it I had my arms stretched out and was literally walking out of the bay. From that day to this I have known that the angels are the servants of God and minister to the heirs of salvation for had they not supported me out I should not be here to tell the story. As it was when I reached the bank I fell over unconscious and was so full of water I did not get rid of it for a month. So I can understand something of the final revelation when God's book and man's book (which is his preserved memory) will be opened and we shall see ourselves and everyone else as we are. So it will be a day of terror because it will be a day of truth. Suppose such a revelation took place this instant in this Church? How many would sit comfortably in their pews think you and how many would try to hide beneath them? What a sudden scramble there would be. He will appear "like lightning," He says. How does lightning act? Does it show up this barn and then that street and then this house? No. There is one vivid flash—shessh—and all is revealed at once and together. So too will His Presence be revealed to both quick and dead.

Then too the final revelation will not leave things as it finds them. It never does. See a great painting, hear great preaching or fine music, meet a great person or see a great play and you are not quite the same person you were before. For revelation

not only reveals but it separates while it reveals. Here then is the meaning of the division between the wheat and the tares, the sheep and the goats. And separation like judgment is a process which is going on all the time. I cannot help but believe in it reaching its climax on the last day when I see it going on around me every day. Think a moment. Years ago you had a bosom friend to whom you bared your heart and told all your secrets. Years passed and changes came with the years. You became separated and made new friends and then you wished you had not been so confidential for fear of betrayal. New cliques are formed all the time in all human organizations. Birds of a feather flock together says the old adage and separation is a process reaching on to its culmination when it will be final and complete. This is where Heaven and Hell come in. On the one side will be all the faithful and true, the saints and heroes and heroines of the world and those whom the world did not count worthy—and they will be all together forever in the presence of their Lord and King. Can't you see that will be heaven for you should you be with them? For heaven is the permanent society of heavenly people. A condition more than it is a place. We need no more and there cannot be less. On the other side will be the false, the wholly corrupt and untrue and they too, will be together forever. Can't you see that will be hell for them and all with them? Don't worry about the place. That is the least consideration and God will attend to that. It is the condition only that counts in the last analysis. On one side is the Light forever and on the other is "outer darkness" which may eventually be literally true as certainly it is so spiritually. Where will you be? That is easily determined by the angle of your present life. If you like the bad you will be bad—for we all reap as we sow—unless you repent while there is time *and opportunity* for repentance. If you prefer the good and struggle after it seeking God's grace in prayer and sacrament to help you, you will be among the Saints in light.

Let me close with what I call the American gospel. For we have one of our own manufacture and it is expressed in three short words—Don't Get Left. We rush Johnnie off to morning school with it as an admonition and he arrives in the nick of time all out of breath. The whistle blows and we drop our checks and rush to work for fear of being docked quarter of an hour. Watch a crowd on any street corner. Along comes a car half full and the whole crowd make for it and hang on by their eyelashes although there may be an empty car but a block behind.

We are so afraid of being left. But what's the use of all this if we fail to apply the same principle at the last analysis? "What fools we mortals be." Let me sum up in a sentence all I have been trying to say. I don't know the author of this short verse but I do know it sums up the essence of all life, religion, poetry and philosophy and here it is:

What thou lovest,
That, too, become thou must,
God, if thou lovest God,
Dust, if thou lovest dust.

So, Don't get Left.

ST. PAUL'S ANALYSIS OF RELIGION

I. Corinthians Chapter 13.

Here is the greatest piece of literature in the world bar none. It is the most brilliant analysis of religion ever written and yet the word "religion" is not used from start to finish and yet if this, as described, is not religion I don't know what is. Next to his Master it was written by the world's greatest spiritual expert, the apostle St. Paul, and we know it as the thirteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians—his poem on Charity.

The world has lost a great deal by the division of the Bible into chapters and verses. Archbishop Stephen Langton was responsible, it is said, for the chapters and some hundred years later someone chopped up the chapters into verses. It is significant that the Church has never officially adopted this arrangement which crept into use because of its seeming practicality. But I'm afraid it has done far more harm than good. It has helped to intensify denominational divisions in the Christian Church and has enabled both clergy and laity to wrench their favorite texts from their context and throw them with glee at each other's heads, a practice which has caused the angels to weep and the devils to rejoice. To-day the Bible is being printed as it was originally written and the running text without divisions conveys the full meaning of the various books as they are read seriatim. In fact that is the only way to do them justice especially the Epistles. Epistles are letters and how should letters be read? Read a portion from the middle to-day, the introductory part tomorrow and the tail end next week? What a brainless confusion that would lead to? And yet that is the way in which this unfortunate division into chapters and verses has led us to treat the letter books of the Bible and has led to the Bible becoming for so many a hopeless puzzle and oft resulted in its reading proving so profitless until finally it is shunted to the top shelf to remain there, forsaken and forlorn, and covered with dust. And yet it is the Word of Life to our souls and we starve to death with the Bread of Life within our reach. This so-called

thirteenth Chapter of St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians exactly illustrates and proves my contention. Let us study its origin and see what we can make of it.

ST. PAUL STUMBLES

Obedying the Macedonian vision to "come over and help us" St. Paul arrives in Greece and presently wends his way to Athens where on Mars Hill he made the one great mistake of his life. It was a natural mistake and is made every day. Preaching to highbrows he forsook the simplicity of the Gospel and talked in the language of his hearers and when he was finished a few were impressed and the rest said with a shrug "Come again some day" or, "if you ever happen to be around here again we will listen to you" all of which is equivalent to "Go to the devil." St. Paul learned his lesson as we all have to learn it and as he wandered away he determined not to preach again in the terms of man's wisdom but to preach "Christ and Him crucified." It is very significant we have no epistle to the Athenians and yet Athens was the capital city. So he came to Corinth, one of the great seaports of the Mediterranean and a world's mart. Corinth was the New York of the ancient world. Vessels from all parts carrying silks, fruits and spices came and left every day and so it was a strategic centre for the Church and Gospel. Then too, it was a populous city, wealthy and full of corruption, so much so that loose women of the day bore the city's name. So St. Paul settled and remained here a year and a half, much longer than elsewhere except Rome where he was imprisoned and couldn't get away. Working at his trade as a sailmaker and preaching every day he converted, baptized and confirmed right and left until he had built up a considerable congregation and training and ordaining his successor he left the city to continue his worldwide mission. Sometime after he had gone trouble broke out in the congregation as it always must, or, at least it always does in the long run where spiritual work is attempted. And the basis of the trouble is usually the same everywhere. Human nature doesn't change much after all. Luther said truly there is a Pope in every heart. Egoism—the great I—is usually at the bottom of most church squabbles. "After ME you're first, but after ME!" And the worst of it is the trouble breaks out among the best workers and the most faithful. The rest don't care enough to be interested one way or the other. So we have zeal untempered by discretion and consideration for the other fellow and trouble naturally ensues.

EARLY CHURCH METHODS

In the early Church things were naturally more plastic than we find them to-day. Now they have become settled and stereotyped and more or less, ecclesiastically fixed. But then it was much different. The minister then did not necessarily do all the work as he is expected to do to-day. Many Churches to-day resemble a huge omnibus in which the passengers take a free ride while the devoted Rector in the harness pulls the weight alone and breaks his back and more frequently his heart, and lands, oftentimes, in the funny factory. But then, each member realized what his membership stood for and realized he was a missionary and had his part in helping Christ build up His kingdom as much as the minister who, after all, is but the leader. So it wasn't necessary that the minister should do all the preaching. To begin with, if there was an eloquent layman in the flock he would help in the preaching. Perhaps it was Apollos in this case but whoever it was, it appears he became conceited over his success. That did no harm providing he had kept it to himself. But that is scarcely human, is it? Especially when you become filled with your own importance. So he cried, "Watch me and see what I can do." Everytime I preach I fill the Church and there is such a crush that the walls bulge. And as preaching the Gospel is the great command of the Master and the first business of the Church I think I am the most important man in the congregation. "But said the healers": That's all right but where do we come in? Don't think you are the only pebble on the beach. There are others. Those were the days when the Church took our Lord's command to heal the sick as well as preach the Gospel seriously and didn't require a woman like Mother Eddy to remind her of her business. Besides in those days the medical profession was in its infancy and medicine was almost an unknown quantity and so these faithful souls went everywhere praying and laying their hands on the sick, that, if it were the Lord's will, they might recover. So they said, very naturally, "But, where do we come in? This is a world of sickness and woe—a vast lazaretto—and all you do after all is talk and talk's cheap. Our work is surely as real as yours and don't you forget it." Then too, there were the theologians and students of those days whose business it was to keep the faith pure amid all the heresies and cults and fancy religions of the time. (We seem to be in about the same boat to-day with more varieties of the Christian religion than we have of Heinz's pickles and all claiming to be true and the last

word. Truly history repeats itself and the same old foes now appear with new faces.) "Without us you would all go to pieces for it does matter what you believe as well as how you believe it. By our efforts we keep the faith pure and intact and the Church straight. So when you fellows are quarrelling over your respective gifts don't forget we are still on the map and without us the Church itself would soon be on the rocks." And so the merry dance went on while the saints quarrelled and the devils chuckled.

But there was one person in that congregation who took the matter to heart and she was a woman. Her name was Chloe and I think she must have been married for a single woman would not have acted as she did. Say what you will of marriage but it is a school of discipline. Shakespeare says, "marriage and hanging go by destiny" and he usually knew what he was talking about for he had a little affair of his own in that quarter. Anyway marriage does develop patience and humility and these are the ground virtues of religion. So Mrs. Chloe worried over the situation and took it to the Lord in prayer. She was trying to serve Him instead of herself and it troubled her exceedingly and she feared the Church would go to pieces. So guided by the Spirit she determined to write St. Paul and tell him all about it. He was the founder of the congregation and who more than he, should know. St. Paul received it and answered it and his answer we call the first epistle to the Corinthians. Had not this lady written St. Paul we might not have had this wonderful reply and when you consider what it contains—not only this remarkable section but also that on the resurrection which the Church has used for centuries in burying the remains of her children—what a loss there would have been both to the Church and the world. Her letter of course is lost but by reading closely and between the lines of what St. Paul has written, we can almost rewrite her letter. Here then is the proof of the harm caused by this miserable chapter and verse division of the Scriptures. For all I have said so far has been, in my own words, the content of what we call the first twelve chapters and it closes with "and yet show I you a more excellent way" and if you close the book there you miss the whole point of the argument and the main reason for writing the letter.

ST. PAUL A GENTLEMAN

St. Paul shows his wonderful wisdom and christian courtesy by the way he replies for he actually begins by commending the

trouble makers. We of common mold, would have begun, I fear, by falling on them like a load of bricks. But not so, St. Paul. He tells the preacher to preach for all he is worth for that is what he is there for. Use all the power you've got. Something like, "go it, brother, and I'll hold your bonnet." So to the healers, the theologians and students, work hard, pray hard and yet when you have all done your best, "I will show you a more excellent way" and here it is but you must read right along to get it.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." What a slap in the face for conceited preachers whoever they may be? No matter how eloquent you may be, no matter how you fill your pews and have people hang with breathless interest on your glowing words if you are without charity you are merely a noise maker, you are simply the drum in the band. Though you fire aloft even with angelic speech, after all it is simply claptrap you are uttering and you had better hide your head. It was a kind of go way back and sit down. St. Paul, you see, had learned his own lesson and knew how to impart it to others without being offensive. When you remember all these letters were read publicly to each congregation you can imagine how the preachers if so guilty, must have felt. "Less than thirty cents" as we say. Then he tackles the rest and slaps right and left, "And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand ALL mysteries and all knowledge (and who does?) This is for the theologians you see. Now for the healers and they surely get theirs, "And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, (a slightly bigger work than healing the sick) and have not charity, I AM NOTHING." Now you can't be less than nothing, can you? There was an old Methodist tune "Oh, to be nothing" but they are not singing it much nowadays or else I'm off my guess. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor." Here is a slap at the philanthropist—those who trust in works and ignore faith. Those of our generation who give their old coats away after they have removed the buttons or their hats after the untrimming or give a piece of cold pie which they can't eat to some poor wretch at their back door and then pat themselves on the back for their generosity, here they get theirs. And then comes a really startling statement, "And though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." He softens this as you observe and well he might, when we consider the daily danger in which the early disciple stood. Surrounded by enemies on every side, the hostile

Jew and the fear struck pagan. Their lives in constant danger for at any moment they may be hauled into the market place to be torn in pieces, roasted, boiled alive or crucified, well might he soften his warning. And yet there it stands. Without this most excellent gift it all profiteth nothing. So naturally you ask, but what is this gift without which all else counts for little or nothing? And the answer is a surprise. St. Paul doesn't tell us for the simple reason he didn't know. Are you surprised at that? Well after all what do YOU or any of us KNOW of the really fundamental things of life? We have made enormous advances since his day and yet are still as much in the dark as to the constitution of the fundamentals. Shakespeare is still right, "The fool thinks he is wise but the wise man KNOWS himself to be a fool." For there is little or nothing for any of us to grow conceited about. Even Edison recently admitted, "we do not know barely a single point of what is to be known" or words to the same effect. Every revelation in whatever domain only reveals the greater darkness in which it is imbedded and by which it is surrounded. Isn't this true? Take life itself? What is it? does anyone know? The best definition we have of life is that given by Herbert Spencer, "Life is correspondence with environment." But that is not a definition of life at all. It is like describing a bird cage with the bird left out. What is Matter? Mrs. Eddy says there's no such animal but if I run my head against the wall I do get a jolt and see stars. If you don't believe me, try it. Oh dear, what's the matter with matter? That's all some people believed in once and the materialist to-day is on the rocks. Yet matter is a fact (if only a temporary one) for spirit is (and always has been) the abiding reality. As Carlyle says, "The spiritual is the cause and basis of the material." Science to-day is telling us that matter is motion. But that is not very clear unless we remember the statement in Genesis "The Spirit moved" upon the elements and set them going and has kept them going ever since. And that is about as far as we can get to the reality of matter which after all, is not very convincing, at least to the materialist, he who only believes in what he can see. What is Birth, Death, Growth? Anyone know? Nay, what is gravitation, the omnipresent power that keeps everything stable? What is Ether, the unseen substance of the universe? And what is the commonest thing of all which a child can turn on and off, Electricity? Edison knows more of it than anyone living and he simply knows nothing at all. Any four year old child knows as much as he. So there you are. We have not

much to get conceited over when it comes to the realm of the make up of the fundamentals of life. Edison tells you what electricity is by what it does. He can go no further and cannot tell you what it is. And St. Paul is equally scientific. He does exactly the same thing. He describes charity, (or love) the same way. (And by the way, what is Love? We all get it sometime or other and we know when we do it is the only joy in life and not being used to such joy we act lunny. And yet none of us knows what it is but we do know something of what it does both to ourselves and to others.)

ANALYSIS OF THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

Listen: "CHARITY SUFFERS LONG AND IS KIND." There's a knockdown blow for all of us. For are you always patient and always kind? You can quickly take your measure in spiritual attainment by honestly estimating your patience and kindness. Under all circumstances remember. Through all the daily irritabilities, unpleasantnesses, other people's queernesses (not to speak of your own,) their querulousness, unreliability, instability and lack of poise. Are you always KIND? Honest, now, fess up. So if we all fall down right at the start as we certainly do, see what a long way we have to go before we are really religious? And how precious little any of us have to boast about when it comes to spiritual measurement. Well might the Church call us miserable sinners. She knows what she is talking about for she is a pretty old lady and has attained great wisdom. She is the Mother of us all though lots of her children have strayed away and don't know it. The Net broke at the Reformation in several places and many fish swam away from her protecting care and most of them don't know what is the matter with them.

"CHARITY ENVIETH NOT." What a hellish thing is envy and yet how common it is? To climb up in the world by pulling others down may be a commendable practice to some people but, at least, it is scarcely dignified and certainly Christ has nothing to do with it. To be envious of another person's dress, or house or car or ten thousand things does not hurt others but makes you miserable. Yet how universal it is. One doctor envies another's larger practice and can never say anything good of him in consequence. One lawyer envies the other's

clientele. Every actor wants the centre of the stage and seldom speaks well of his associate for he is convinced that if he had his part he would show you how much better he would play it. Envy is the particular curse of the dramatic profession which seems to develop more evil qualities (along with some that are good) than any other profession, both physical and spiritual, and thus greatly needs the help of the Church of which it has been deprived for centuries. Hence my struggle in founding the Actors' Church Alliance and the reasons therefor. Nor is our sacred calling free from this vice by any means. Many priests secretly envy their brother's larger parish, income, ability, or position and fame in the Church. Well might the Garden of Eden parable give the serpent the centre of the stage, for envy, through which our first parents fell, is a peculiarly snakish trait. The snake is glittering and fascinating but he leaves a slime wherever he crawls and so do envious people. Even Christ Himself was delivered to be crucified "through envy." We need to watch and pray to be delivered from this poison. Emulate others all you will, this is praiseworthy but to be envious is devilish, as well as extremely foolish. For nurse it and it will sting you. Envy comes second in the seven deadly sins and envious people are the most miserable of all.

"CHARITY VAUNTETH NOT ITSELF, IS NOT PUFFED UP." What can one do with conceited people? Tell them anything and their expression shows they know all about it and you are silenced. Thus conceit wraps itself in its own ignorance, forgets its own chains, builds the walls of its own dungeon, grows more and more unapproachable and makes help and fellowship impossible. Become conceited and you become lopsided and presently cracked. The asylums are full of such pathetic cases who have lost their balance through being "puffed up" and so are useless to society and must be restrained. Humility is freedom while conceit is servitude of the worst kind. All one can do for conceited people is to pray for them.

"DOTH NOT BEHAVE ITSELF UNSEEMLY AND SEEKETH NOT HER OWN." Even good manners occupy a large sphere in religion. To be boisterous and obstreperous is not only vulgar but is unchristian. Who would have imagined that these few words of St. Paul would have become the basis of all good breeding and modern etiquette? Yet such is the case. When you invite your friend to sup with you, you give him the seat of honor and serve him first. Why? Because St. Paul

wrote this and it has seeped in through the centuries and softened manners. Of course we all act so when we are among those who know us— it is the proper thing to do—but the real test is when we are away and among strangers and those whose religion is but veneer will stretch themselves over four seats in a car when they have paid for but one and so act unseemly because they are still brutes by nature and their religion is but an outward seeming rather than an inward possession. They are Christians on the surface but not at heart. The royalties on all books of Etiquette are all owing to this master Apostle.

“IS NOT EASILY PROVOKED.” I like this best of all for we are nearly all so easily provoked. Now that is not to say we are not to be provoked at all. There is the other extreme and it has certainly had a long run in human affairs. To be a Christian it has been long taught we must bear anything and everything in patience and long suffering. That we must allow people to wipe their feet all over us without retaliation. Surely that is a weak imitation of the heroic Christ who whipped the money changers from the Temple while His eyes blazed with honest indignation. Yet look at the average idea of a saint and you find a mollicoddle. Many saints figured in stained glass windows with their hair parted in the centre to keep their minds balanced look so weak and pappy that red blooded men pass them by with disdain. And well they might for true religion is positive and not negative. The power of anger is the best quality we possess providing it is controlled. It is like the furnace in the cellar which keeps the house warm, but let the coals escape to the floor and they will burn the house down. God gave us this power wherewith to fight evil, cruelty and injustice and if we are silent and inert in its presence we may be good but we are good for nothing. No! When evil confronts us we must smash it if we are good soldiers of Jesus Christ. We must blaze like anthracite. But we must not be blazing all the time and make ourselves and every one around us perpetually miserable. Fight the good fight providing there is something we ought to fight, but to go around perpetually snarling, irritable and grouchy at every little thing which upsets us is a pretty poor imitation of the meek and lowly Jesus. It is the sure road to the madhouse and is a dissipation of the very power which is our strength and controlled, our peace. So be not EASILY provoked and you and everyone around you will be the happier in consequence. “Be ye angry but sin not” and “Let not the sun go down on your wrath.”

"THINKETH NO EVIL AND REJOICETH NOT IN INQUITY BUT REJOICETH IN THE TRUTH." How easy it is to pass judgment before you know all the facts! "Judge not and ye will not be judged." Suppose your brother or sister has fallen from grace? How do you know but what you might have fallen likewise had you been in their place and faced the same temptation? Can anyone boast of their spiritual strength? It is hard to believe but it is true that the cheater and the robber cheats and robs himself more than he does you. He is using up and destroying his best possession—his soul. Don't forget this fact. The measure and range of our spiritual sensitiveness is the measure and range of our life. If I put my hand in the fire it will burn and if I let my soul fall into sin it will burn too—but in its own way. Think the best of people and they will try and respond to your good opinion. And if they don't surely there is nothing to rejoice over. The devils in hell will attend to that for you. This would put a stop to all the slanderers and gossippers could they but realize they were spiritual murderers, damning the souls of others (with their own) to perdition. Listen to Shakespeare, "Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands. But he who filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed." Did Jesus rejoice over the fall of Peter or Judas? Think it over when next you are tempted to throw stones at others and remember you, too, live in a glass house. If you must do something, pray for them for they will surely need it. For let anyone break the commandments and continue to break them, and they will surely break him. These are laws of the universe and are not true because they are in the Bible but they are in the Bible because they *are* true. And herein lies all the difference in the world. Consequently, there is nothing more for a Christian to rejoice over if his brother sins and so receives moral injury than if he had fallen and broken his leg.

"CHARITY NEVER FAILETH but whether there be prophecies they shall fail." Here is another hit at the conceited theologian. Of course, prophecy, if true, is fulfilled in history. "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease." Another slap at the preacher for six by three will end his talk no matter how eloquent. "Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away," that is, the partial here shall be swallowed up in the larger, there. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." There is a wonderful statement properly understood. It shows

us that we are already living in the spiritual world but cannot see or sense it but the spiritually minded do see it if vaguely. There was no glass when St. Paul wrote this and the word he used was mirror. When translated, glass was used in mirrors but in his day mirrors were made of brass. Have you ever looked at yourself in a piece of polished brass? If you have, you will surely not expect a beauty prize. And yet that is all the ladies of his day had in their boudoirs. Try it and you will see yourself but vaguely and as in a mist. You will know you are there and no more. The outlines will be blurred and indistinct. So with the inner world in which we live. Through faith we see it but oh, so dimly. Yet we know it is there and so are comforted. "Now I know in part, but then shall I know as even I am known." People ask me, Shall I know my mother in Paradise? Did you know her here? Surely. Well, do you expect you are going to be a bigger fool there than you are here? And they read this statement every day and get nothing out of it. Well might the Lord call us sheep, for sheep are the stupidest animals in existence. "And now abideth faith, hope and charity but the greatest of these is charity." Why? Because charity is eternal and the others temporal. And St. Paul says this who lived by faith. It was through faith alone that he faced the whole might of the Roman Empire and won the victory. It was through faith that he overcame the fear of the pagan and the hostility and hatred of the Jew. And yet he calls charity greater than faith. Surely, for faith is swallowed up in knowledge, for we do not believe when we know. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" according to the poet. But he has another guess coming. For when we possess that for which we now hope, hope naturally will pass away. But charity or love abides forever, for it is the life and nature of God Himself. What wonderful Christians Churchmen ought to be. Many Cathedrals in the old world were centuries in building. People were born in the midst of their building, grew up and passed away and all they saw was a mass of scaffolding and what little building there was seemed to exist for the sake of the scaffolding. But one day they were finished and towering into the sky crowned with their golden crosses, the scaffolding was removed and thrown aside for it had served its purpose. And we have in the book of Common Prayer the finest scaffolding in the religious world. Henry Clay once said that the two finest things in the United States were the Constitution and the Episcopal book of common prayer. But it is more than that. It is the

Book that belongs to all Christians if they would but use it. Hence its name Common—Universal, for everybody. And we who use it constantly should show the finest graces of the spirit and be the lights of the world in our several generations. And when our scaffolding is removed both Church and Prayer Book will go (for John tells us in his vision of Heaven, “I saw no Temple there”) may we then show forth the fruits of the spirit and reflect His likeness as we stand bathed in the Light that streams from the Celestial Throne—the Light of Love which abides forever.

THE THREE GRACES OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

HUMILITY GRATITUDE FORGIVENESS

Why is it that we Churchgoers find it so hard, and develop so slowly, in the religious life? Is it not because we do not realize the conditions, perhaps do not know what they are. The first three theological virtues are Faith, Hope and Charity but back of these are three personal virtues which constitute the foundation of all real religion which is more than Church going and hymn singing (however necessary these may be) which, after all, are but the mechanics of religion. For the groundwork of any progress we may make in religion rests in the measure of genuine humility we possess. Humility is the first and greatest virtue and without some measure of this our attainment of the rest is an impossibility. In fact, the distinctive note of the Christian religion is the Humility of God Who loved us and gave Himself for our salvation.

When St. Augustine was asked what was the first virtue, he replied: Humility. What is the second, Humility. What the third? Humility. It is true and everything around us proclaims it. Take the world of nature to begin with. The higher you ascend a mountain the colder it becomes and the more rocky and barren until ice is reached. The sweetest and most fragrant flowers are not found on the mountain top but nestling at its foot. God's laws in nature are the same as in Grace could we but see them. In fact Nature is but God on the outside while Jesus Christ is God on the inside. The same law operates in the unseen world as in the seen and this strongly suggests that the world evident to our senses is but the outside of the world unseen.

Humility is from Humus—the ground—and so it forms the soil in which all other graces grow. Our Lord's earthly life was characterized by humility from start to finish. He was born in a stable to begin with and died on a felon's cross. He continually curbed the pride and arrogance of His followers and taught them His motive by washing their feet at their final meeting before He was crucified. On another occasion He took a

little child on His knee and reminded them that unless they became childlike in spirit they could not enter or even see—the Kingdom of Heaven. His parable of the Pharisee and the Publican is equally clear teaching. For as pride is the deadliest sin being first in the category of the seven deadly sins, so humility, its antidote, is the greatest virtue. The humble hearted are essentially the truly highminded. A proud person looks down on everyone he meets and looks for the defect he is sure to find and so measures himself to his own advantage, while the humble person looks up and finds some trait or virtue he can emulate and so grows in grace and sweetness of character. So, too, the flower that turns from the sun soon withers while that which turns to the sun sheds its radiance with joy.

“Be clothed with humility,” says the Apostle. The dress they wore in those days reached from neck to foot, showing that those so clothed spiritually, are both warm and strong.

“Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth,” said the Lord, but it doesn’t look very much like it at the first glance. In this age of Push and Babbitry how shall we get our horn blown if we fail to blow it? If we don’t sound our own praises who else will? And yet the promise is everlastingly true but it takes a good while usually to work out. Listen to this: In prehistoric ages life was characterized by huge monsters as high and as wide as a barn door—Forty feet long and eighteen wide, ferocious and bloodthirsty. Where are they today? Their successors are the placid, mildeyed cows, and the helpless sheep. The mighty American Indian roamed his plains and scalped his enemies. Now he squats in his blanket at the door of the Army Post. Napoleon trod this earth like a God but presently found himself cooped up in the barren isle of St. Helena and William II tried the trick and had to sneak into Holland. So whichever way you look at it it is the unalterable truth. Lincoln’s fame rises higher every day because of his humility of spirit. During the Civil War he sent a certain message to Stanton, and Stanton told the bearer that the President was a fool to issue such a command. The messenger repeated his words to the President and Lincoln replied, “Well, Stanton is usually right.” Lindberg carried letters of introduction when he landed in Paris and found the world at his feet and ever since has done his utmost to avoid the world’s applause and wonderfully succeeded. And so it goes. The higher we rise in our own esteem the farther we get away from God. Let us learn a lesson and strive to practise it. Let us take the “lowest place” and if our

work is worthy we shall be requested to go up higher. No matter how obscure and insignificant we may seem if our work is WORTH WHILE the world is sure ultimately, to beat a path to our door and should it fail we have nevertheless the contentment and joy of a meek and quiet spirit which is the surest foundation for happiness both here and hereafter.

GRATITUDE

The second great virtue in the personal religious life is Gratitude and it is about as rare as is genuine humility. Our Lord had a great experience which well illustrates this. He was met on one occasion by ten men who were lepers who cried to Him to be healed and He told them to go and show themselves to the priests. They took Him at His word and lo and behold, while on the way, they were cleansed. We must give them credit for their faith at any rate. It was as much as their life was worth to go near the priests in their condition and they knew it. Yet without any argument they did as they were told and were rewarded in consequence and their prayer answered. What a wonderful lesson that is for all of us. Life would be revolutionized if the Christian world would but take Jesus at His word as they did.

Then one of them, when he saw that he was healed, was so overjoyed and full of gratitude that he could go no farther, but turned back and came and fell at the feet of Christ giving Him thanks. Then we hear that sob of disappointment as Jesus asks, "Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?" Yes, where are they, not only then, but now? When we see the great majority even in Christian lands wholly destitute of gratitude it makes one blush for human nature. They take all—life and its blessings, friends, food, raiment and all the other comforts and conveniences and seldom or never utter a word of praise. Like the hogs in the sty they gulp and swallow all in sight and never think of the Giver of all or offer Him thanks. Grace at meals may not seem much but at least it is a reminder of Him to Whom we owe all and from Whom all blessings flow and the regular giving of thanks is, at least, spiritually educative, however much (or little) it may express a grateful heart.

Then too, let us consider churchgoing in its relation to gratitude. Whatever other reasons may take us there surely gratitude is one of them for "whosoever offereth Me thanks and praise he honoreth Me" saith the Lord and we may add, he certainly

honors himself. Yet think of the thousands who dishonor God by never attending His worship and leave so obvious a duty to the faithful? Regular churchgoers are like the salt of the earth—they do save the community in which they live from putrefaction. But on the whole, I question if they are more than one in ten? The place of gratitude in religion is found in the highest act of Christian worship. It bears several names, Mass, Lord's Supper, Holy Communion but the best of all is the Greek word Eucharist and Eucharist simply means Thanksgiving.

And the story is true in our own experience. If you reflect on those to whom you have shown kindness I think you will find it is still but one in ten who have shown gratitude. In fact one of the best ways to prove your friends is to help them and if you want to get rid of them loan them money and see what becomes of it. That is a sure way to prove their kidney. And how did Jesus reward the grateful leper? "Arise and go thy way. Thy faith hath made thee whole." But I think there was more in this than merely a physical cure. May we not believe the man's sins were forgiven and he was made whole both physically and spiritually?

I often wonder what his sensations were as he left the presence of the Master? Sin is called leprosy in the Bible (for so it appears in the sight of holiness) and to be made whole from sin both physically and spiritually, must have been an experience that lies above and beyond explanation. Living under sin's weight as we do we cannot have the faintest conception of what it is to be free. It must be like the joyousness of the guileless child. Thus the whole story teaches us that the grateful heart grounded in humility is alone joyous and possesses something of that peace which the world cannot give and thank God, cannot take away.

FORGIVENESS

The third great virtue of the Christian is the spirit of forgiveness. Forgiveness is almost rarer than humility and gratitude as most people do love to bear grudges and are so very easily provoked. And yet there is no peace in that attitude of mind and there is certainly little Christianity. Most of the miseries of every day life are due to the lack of the spirit of forgiveness. Jesus well knew this and so put it in His prayer. "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." What a dangerous petition that is to use if we

are not striving our utmost to keep our part of the bargain? Talk about dynamite or T. N. T.! Don't you see that if we are not forgiving we cannot ourselves be forgiven? That each time we use the prayer while harboring a grudge against someone we are calling down upon ourselves a curse rather than a blessing. Prayer is an awful thing to play with as we shall surely find someday to our cost. Nor is juggling permitted either. Something like this: "Well, I forgive you, but I shan't forget." Then you haven't forgiven at all and so that won't do either. No, wipe the slate clean and get the poison out of your system.

You remember that incident when Peter put the question of forgiveness up to Jesus? You will find it recorded in the 18th chapter of St. Matthew beginning with the 21st verse. Peter wanted to get the matter settled. It troubled him as it troubles everybody. Peter knew that the Jewish law allowed three times as the limit of forbearance (three again, you observe) but after that, you could soak your enemy, for revenge was then lawful. But he had lived long enough with Jesus to know that He would not be satisfied with such a meagre provision. He was far too kind and gentle for that. So he decided to stretch it from three to seven—the sacred number—beyond which no one could be expected to go. So I think he bounced into Christ's presence, self-assured and confident as usual and put his question. "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" And Jesus answered: "I say not unto thee, until seven times; but until seventy times seven." That was a staggerer! It must have been a complete knockout for poor Peter. But not only Peter, it is a knockout for all of us. Seventy times seven is an illimitable number. Fifty million trillion would have done as well. Then Jesus tells the story of the King reckoning with his servants. One was brought unto him who owed him ten thousand talents, a sum equal to about ten million dollars today. Having nothing to settle it with he pleads for mercy and the king graciously forgives him the lot and wipes the slate clean. Then the servant goes out and meets one of his friends who owes him one hundred pence (about fifteen dollars) takes him by the throat and demands payment at once. The man begs for mercy and promises payment if time is allowed but he refuses him and forgetting the way he was treated, he locks the man up until the debt is paid. His Lord hears of his action and "calls" him. What a touch that is? Few of us, I fear, enter the Presence unless we are called. Strange that we require to be lashed into our rest? We want our own way. We

set up our own wills and we are "called" by God's Will crossing it and much of suffering is thus explained. As he had acted towards his fellow servant so his lord acted towards him and "delivered him to the tormentors" until he should pay the debt. This looks very much like what we call eternal punishment for if he could not pay while he was free and able to earn it, what chance had he when locked up?? "So LIKEWISE shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." All of which teaches us that the Kingdom of God is a house of brothers and if we do not act as a friend and brother to all our associates by showing kindness and forgiveness we too, shall be cast out at the last. For love is the only orthodoxy. We may know God through our minds but if we do not know Him through our hearts it is hopeless and the proof that we do is when we are willing to forgive until seventy times seven. "Little children, love one another" is, after all, a greater statement than even the Apostle's Creed for if we love we shall forgive and be the children of our Father in Heaven.

A DOZEN QUESTIONS ANSWERED

How can we believe God to be One and yet Three in One?

This is the basic truth of the universe. If we have no clear idea of the being of God how can we understand anything else? To understand the Infinite is, of course, impossible but what we can't understand we must, at least, try to apprehend. Let us approach the question from four different angles and see what they will yield us, to wit: Nature, Scripture, Life and Psychology.

A FEW ANALOGIES FROM NATURE

If I stand on a mountain top and look around what do I see? Earth, Sky and Water—three in one.

If I take a piece of ice in my hand I have ice, snow and water.

If I sit before a fire I have fire, heat and light.

If I take a nut from a tree I have the husk, shell and kernel.

A tree has trunk, branches and leaves. There are three major tones in music and all knowledge is summed up in Science, Art and Literature which includes Philosophy and Religion. An overrunning Well gives me the source, the stream and eventually the pool and it would be impossible to draw a line and say where one started and the other ended and yet it is one. The ordinary electric light is composed of yellow, red and blue. The yellow is the source, the red, its heat and the blue the chemical action which binds the other two with itself and constitutes the white light. The Church has Nave, Chancel and Sanctuary all under one roof. Three aisles and three Ministers, Bishops, Priests and Deacons and a Bishop is three in one himself for he is first a Deacon, then Priest before he can become ■ Bishop.

Three times and out is the rule of all games and three times and in the fashion of drowning. We, too, made in His Image, are body, soul and spirit. So too, mind works. When I wake on Sunday morning Memory tells me what day it is, Reason

argues whether I shall do my duty and go to church or stay in bed and Will decides the matter one way or the other.

There are plenty more but it will do you good to think out a few for yourself.

SCRIPTURAL TESTIMONY

Right at the start in the creation of man we read "Let Us make man in Our Image." The unity of God was the greatest truth the Hebrew gave to the world and yet here in his earliest record we have language twisted to suggest that in that very Unity there is a multiple life. Isaiah's vision in the Temple when he cried: Holy, Holy, Holy as he beheld the One God. The High Priest's blessing with which he closed every service in the Temple. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His Face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace." Three Lords in One God.

Then too, the spiritual interpretation of these words is equally wonderful and suggestive. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee" is the office of the father—and of all human fathers likewise whose duty it is to care for those dependent upon them.

"The Lord make His Face to shine, etc." Does not this represent the Son Who reveals the Father and Whose earthly life was characterized by graciousness throughout?

"The Lord lift up," etc. This is the office of the Holy Spirit Who takes the things of Christ, lifts them up and "shows them unto us" and hence life improves and man progresses in consequence. Strange the orthodox Hebrew cannot see the inner significance of his greatest blessing.

NEW TESTAMENT

What lies hidden in the Old is openly revealed in the New—latent there and patent here, showing that it is all one story progressively revealed. The Holy Trinity was openly shown at our Lord's Baptism with the heavenly Voice and the descending Dove.

"I will pray the Father and He will send you another Comforter." Here we have the second Person interceding, the first Person sending, and the third Person sent.

Christian Baptism into the Name (not names) of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, given remember by our Lord Himself ; while St. Paul's "Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost" is pretty conclusive Scriptural testimony to the Holy Trinity. Finally we come to the vision of St. John in Revelation. "And I saw **a throne and One sat on the throne.** And in the midst stood a Lamb as it had been slain and there were seven lamps burning before the throne which are the seven Spirits of God." As the Church is the concrete visible expression of the Kingdom of God on earth so the Altar, Cross and Lights symbolize the presence of the Triune God.

REVELATION FROM SCIENCE

As we ascend the scale of life we see that it develops from the simple to the complex but remains one all through the process. The lowest form we know—the protoplasmic or jelly fish is so simple that it is transparent, yet it lives and is one. Go higher to the cod, mackerel or whale and here we find a more complex life with fins, tail, scales, gills and eyes, yet it remains one cod, one mackerel, one whale. Ascend to the reptile or bird and you have the latter's plumage, song and beauty but still it is one bird. Still more complex are the cow, horse and dog and still the law of unity prevails. And finally we come to man with his tripartite unity and complexity of life which is an infinite advance upon the simplicity of the jelly fish.

And man is one, however diversified he may be in faculty, function and attribute. Do *we* exhaust the scale of existence? Not quite, for above and beyond us are those pure spirits we know as Angels and of which Scripture is full from cover to cover. They are revealed in nine orders to wit: Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, Principalities, Powers, Might, Virtues, Archangels and lowest of all and nearest to us as ministers to the heirs of salvation, Angels. We have the names of four of them, St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Uriel and St. Raphael and the Church honors them on Sept. 29th, which being my own and my mother's birthday has, for me, a special interest. But all this, you say, is fanciful? Is it? Nature, they tell us, abhors a vacuum and as there is a world of life below us (much of which is invisible) why should there not equally be a world of life above us, although we cannot see it? "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Besides how does God rule His universe? President Hoover sits at his desk and runs the affairs of this nation, but does he do all the work? Has he not representatives all over the earth who carry out his will? Besides what *are* the forces of Nature? The psalmist calls the winds and fire His ministering spirits and as these are perfectly obedient to His Will we have the uniformity of Nature and Order is Heaven's first law. Laws of Nature expressions of angelic agency and force? Why not?

And however glorious or powerful may these celestial beings be, the law of unity still prevails all the way up the scale of their being.

Above them we come into the Presence of God and find that God is One but in His Oneness there is a complexity of life and Being revealed to us under the human terms of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. In the unity of the infinite life there is complexity, no longer of faculty, power or attribute but of Being itself—Three Beings brooding together in the One God.

"God is Love" not because He loves us and certainly not because He loves Himself (for then He would be a Monster) but in His Tri-Personality of equal Power, Substance and Eternity each Being adores the other and together constitute the One, Perfect, and Infinite Life of which the nature is Eternal Love. Our God is a Family God (if we may so speak of Him) infinite in Unity and Diversity.

PSYCHOLOGY

One of the greatest difficulties in dealing with the doctrine of the Trinity is in the use of the word Person. When we think of a person we think of an individual and so most people are unconscious tritheists. When I was a child and visited a Protestant Church and saw three chairs on the platform I thought presently that God would step out and occupy them. Christ told the Samaritan woman that "God is spirit"—not a spirit. Now we do not know what spirit is except that it expresses life and activity. When a child is full of spirit he tries to break the furniture and when a man is full we lock him up. Let us translate spirit into something we can understand and call it mind. First, I know I am a person—that I am I and not you or anyone else. My mind thinks—that's its job and when I have a thought I can see it as though it had an objective existence. It is before my mind as my hand is before my face and yet I know at the same time it is within my mind. And we are made in His

Image. Do you see the point? As we are finite and therefore have but a single consciousness, God is infinite and has Three Consciousnesses in His one, infinite mind and so knows Himself as Father, Son and Holy Ghost. And God thinks and His Thought (equal with His mind) is His Son, the "only-Begotten of the Father." (We are created but Christ alone is Begotten). As God sees Himself reflected in His Son (as we see ourselves reflected in the glass) there proceeds from each to each the Bond which unites Them with Himself and He is the Bond of Love. Who is the Holy Spirit—the Spirit of Life Who carries the Thought of God into action and makes it visible? "So that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." Everything you make bears the marks of your personality so everything that God has made bears His Threefold mark and becomes the underlying truth of the universe which is but the outer garment of His life as He is truly though all, in all and also above all forever. One proof that Christianity is a Divine revelation and not merely a human invention is the fact that the deepest mystery of all,—the Threefold Being of God—each Being distinct but not separate—lies at the very threshold of its acceptance.

2. Where was your Church before Henry VIII?

Where was your face before it was washed? That Henry who died a Romanist could have founded a Church which protests the Roman (though not the Catholic) is an absurdity on the face of it and the legal proof given elsewhere is sufficient refutation of the popular error.

3. What is the meaning of "Lead us not into temptation"?

As Christ was led into temptation and was humanly speaking, perfected through suffering so must we be. There is no other way to develop character and grow from His image in which we were made into His perfect likeness. Temptation, being then a necessity in our upward growth (and God alone knows how much we can bear without falling into sin), this petition means "lead us not beyond what Thou knowest we are able to bear."

4. What is the population of the Christian world and how are they divided?

Of the sixteen hundred million people in the world, six hundred million are Christian. Of this number four hundred and

twenty million are Catholic (divided between the Greek, Roman and Anglican branches) and one hundred and eighty million are Protestant in several hundred various denominations. So the Church founded directly by Jesus Christ has a large numerical majority and all Christians belong to Her by virtue of their Baptism, for Catholicism, remember, means universal. We need to get out and let them know it.

5. Why do women wear hats in Church?

It isn't necessary that they should for the custom has nothing to do with Christian doctrine but is only a pious opinion of St. Paul. He advised the practice to develop reverence and modesty among Christian women for pagan women were loud and brazen faced. A woman's hair was then her crowning glory (but now she bobs it) and to cover it in Church would inculcate reverence and no longer tempt the eyes of the male gender to stray in public worship.

6. If the Episcopal Church is Catholic why is it called Protestant?

Well, for one reason because she is both. She has all the authority and heritage of the Catholic and the liberty and freedom of the Protestant. She is the Via Media and stands between the two extremes, one of which terminates in slavery and the other in anarchy. Her true name is American Catholic but to adopt this would start a riot among the Romanists. The late Bishop Williams of Michigan said she might be called the Orthodox Catholic Church and then she would be O. K. anyway. Perhaps Evangelical Catholic would come nearest to expressing her position. Her present title was given her in her early days by a New Jersey lawyer who having to defend her in court could not call her the Church of England. Having Bishops he called her Episcopal and not being Roman he tacked on Protestant and so the Mother Church of this nation (as she is of England) labors under an ill-fitting name and consequently is the least understood of all the Churches. Sometimes She seems to me to resemble our Lord's Body on the Cross.

7. Why do you pray out of a book?

For the same reason we sing out of one. Supposing without hymn books the minister cried "Let us sing something" and

everyone sang what he knew best? Wouldn't it be interesting? Next to the Bible the prayer book is the finest in the language and what is it but the Bible in prayer form? And it is the product of the Christian ages and hence cannot be superseded. It expresses the finest piety of all saints and breathes their spirit.

Henry Clay once said that the two finest things in the United States were its Constitution and the Episcopal Prayer Book. But its name is not Episcopal but Common Prayer which means for all people. It is the prayer book of all English-speaking Christian people and I wish they all realized it and would use it. Nor need we become mere formalists in its use. It is like a beautiful picture frame which the Church puts in our hands and all we need to do is to supply the picture by putting our hearts into it and then it will become a joy instead of a drag in our devotions.

8. Why do your ministers wear vestments?

Because we appear in the presence of God to lead the devotions of the people. If you visited the White House you would dress in your best and when we appear before the King of Kings we should dress likewise. Besides the very colors have symbolic meaning. The black cassock teaches us the death unto sin and the white surplice which covers it, the new birth unto righteousness. (Easter, remember, follows Lent.) The Stole represents the yoke of service to which we are committed and like the dog's collar we wear symbolizes our human experiences but with this difference—the Master has the other end of the chain.

Then too, all our clergy are dressed alike and the attention of the worshippers is not distracted by trying to estimate the salaries we receive by the clothes we wear.

9. Why are the hangings in the Church of various colors?

They express the various seasons of the Christian year and show the laws of nature are the same in the world of grace. The major color is green which is used for six months during the Trinity season when the earth itself is covered in the same way. White at Christmas, Easter and Ascension Day expresses joy while red used on Whitsunday (the Church's birthday) represents the tongues of fire in which the Holy Spirit came and also the blood of our common humanity for "God hath made of

one blood all nations" and Christ died for the world. Purple used during Advent is the royal color in which Christ will appear as both King and Judge while during Lent, it is the sign of mourning and penitence. Black on Good Friday needs no explanation.

10. Why do you follow the system of the Christian Year?

Because it is the only way in which the preacher can keep the balance of truth, and the people be taught all the verities of the faith. The first half deals with the life of our Lord from His birth to His Ascension while the latter half presents the practical lessons which flow from the doctrinal teaching. We are all, more or less, lopsided and this system helps to keep us balanced in our teaching and prevents us flying off at a tangent. It is the curriculum of religion and all Christians need it if they wish to grow in truth as they grow in grace.

11. Do you believe in Confession?

Yes, and so do you. When you visit your Doctor you tell him all your symptoms so he may the more intelligently help you and likewise your lawyer so he may win your case. Your Rector is appointed to be the physician of your soul and how can he help you individually unless he knows your particular trouble? Confession is spoiled when made compulsory and this Church wisely leaves the matter to the individual. "Open confession is good for the soul" at any time and the priest's office gives him the authority to pronounce the forgiveness of God to the penitent soul. In this Church we are priests before we are preachers and our vows bind us to silence. Even Dr. Fosdick has publicly proclaimed the advantages of confession, and in this neurotic age what can be more helpful?

12. Why do you have High, Low and Broad in your Church?

Because the Church is designed for humanity and so must minister to all temperaments the High and crazy, the Low and lazy and the Broad and hazy. A true Churchman thinks highly of God and His Church; lowly of himself and kindly of his neighbor and so is all three. Ritual is but the manners of religion like the trimmings on the garment. Some people like to dress in homespun and live in the kitchen; others prefer broadcloth and to live in the parlor. "Let everybody be persuaded in

his own mind." Ritual is also a matter of spiritual culture. As we grow in grace and our devotion deepens we are apt to discover that an ornate service does honor to our King and better expresses our religious sentiments. And the Church tries to meet our needs at each stage of our progress and so provides her various types of service and strives to be all things to all men so she may help in their salvation.

THE CHURCH OF TWENTY CENTURIES

HISTORICAL FACTS

A.D. 33. Our Lord Jesus Christ gives to the apostles the Great Commission. (St. Mark 16:15-20.) "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every Creature;" and then ascends to heaven.

A.D. 35. The Apostles plant the Church in every city.

A.D. 70. St. Clement says, "St. Paul went to the extreme limit of the West."

A.D. 180. Irenæus says, "Christianity was propagated especially in the Celtic nations, Germans and Britons."

A.D. 200. Tertullian says, "Some countries of the Britons are subject to Christ."

A.D. 314. Three British Bishops attended the Great Council of Arles.

A.D. 325. Constantine from England defeats Heathen Emperors in battle and establishes Christianity in Rome, calling first General Council of the Church at Nicaea.

A.D. 400. Chrysostom says, "In the British Isles churches are built and altars erected."

A.D. 500. Heathen Angels and Saxons conquer Britain, and drive the Church into Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

A.D. 600. Augustin having come from Rome to convert the Anglo-Saxons, finds a Christian Queen, Bishops and Church—our MOTHER CHURCH, already there.

A.D. 700. The Britons and Italians unite their missions. The Bishop of Rome not yet called Pope.

A.D. 800. The Bishop of Rome claims authority in England and tries to obtain it by various schemes.

A.D. 900. The Pope gains temporal power gradually in spite of many protests from clergy and people.

A.D. 1066. William of Normandy conquers England. His Romanism increases the Pope's power.

A.D. 1100. The Pope's supremacy admitted in some cases of controversy in England.

A.D. 1213-1215. King John sells the crown to the Pope for defence: the Nobles, Bishops and the whole Church protesting, and finally forcing from him the Magna Charta which says, "The Church of England shall be free."

A.D. 1375. Wycliffe prays for reformation of the Church, and translates the Bible into English.

A.D. 1400. The Reforming movement growing.

A.D. 1534. Henry VIII breaks with the Pope and reclaims the crown: the Church resolving that "the Bishop of Rome has no more jurisdiction" in England. Through the personal quarrel of King and Pope, the Church throws off Romanism and becomes purely Catholic again.

A.D. 1547. Edward VI. The Prayer Book is translated and purified.

A.D. 1553. Bloody Mary. The Reformation thrown back.

A.D. 1558. Elizabeth. The Church free; Reformed, and largely as it was in the Apostles' days. The Pope offers to forgive all and acknowledge the English Church, if Queen Elizabeth will pay Peter's pence and acknowledge him. This being declined by Church and Queen, the Pope calls on all clergy and people to come out or be excommunicated. Very few pay any attention, but through this the Romanists in Great Britain become schismatics. The Queen is excommunicated in 1569.

A.D. 1559. The Prayer Book in general use, June 24.

A.D. 1611. Our English Bible printed for the Church, by order of King James and the Church.

A.D. 1640. The Rebellion hinders the Church, and starts various religious denominations.

A.D. 1660. The King restored and the Church prospers.

A.D. 1661. The Prayer Book printed as now in use.

A.D. 1786-7. The American Bishops consecrated.

A.D. 1914. The EPISCOPAL CHURCH, *the same Church* 130 years ago in America, the same 200 years ago in England, the same 350 years ago during the Reformation, the same 500 years ago groaning under the Pope's oppression, the same 1300 years ago when Augustin went to England, the same 1400 years ago when driven into Wales by the Saxons, and the same 1800 years ago when planted in England by apostolic missionaries according to Christ's directions.

The Old Catholic (separate from Rome) and the Eastern Orthodox, or Greek Church, have a similar Succession of Bishops from Apostolic times. The Roman or Latin Church has wrongfully passed over the powers of her bishops to the Bishop of Rome, called the Pope, but not until 1870 did she foolishly claim him to be infallible. She has also taken away the Communion Cup from the laity and teaches many other errors.

The other Christian bodies about us are of modern origin, not one of them being more than 400 years old.

KNOWING THESE FACTS, WHICH CHURCH WILL YOU JOIN?

CHURCH HISTORY AT A GLANCE

Origin of the Leading Christian Bodies in America

<i>NAME</i>	<i>Founded By</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Brought Into United States</i>
THE CHURCH	Christ and the Apostles	A. D. 33	1607
English Romanists	Pope Pius V.	1570	1633
Congregationalists	Robert Brown	1581	1620
Lutherans	Martin Luther	1520	1622
Presbyterians	John Calvin	1537	1625
Baptists	German Reformers	1525	1636
Methodists	John Wesley	1739	1766
Disciples	Alexander Campbell	1827	1827
Unitarians	Socinus	1579	1787

All Christians in England were in one united organization until 1570, when Pius V. ordered his adherents to withdraw. When the break came under Henry 8th in 1534 for thirty-six years following and through the times of no less than seven popes all christians in England worshipped together in their Mother Church until Pius V. ordered them out and set up rival altars.

Thus the Church of Rome in Great Britain is a schism from the Church of England: Papalism, as well as the denominations, are a "split-off" from the Holy Catholic Church of Apostolic jurisdiction in England, and therefore of rightful jurisdiction (in the Church of the Prayer Book) here in America. By priority of founding in America, also, ours is the CHURCH in the United States.

The Mother Church at Jerusalem

ST. LUKE 24:47

ACTS 2:47b

Greek Christians, Roman Christians, British Christians, and other Christians, in *one undivided Church* for more than 500 years after Christ.

British or Celtic Church

Roman missionaries

—> English Church

Coming of the Danes

Coming of the Normans

Roman control
comes in —>

Reformation

Roman control
goes out < —

Romanists
separate < —

Puritans
separate —>

Modern Days

Jamestown, 1607. The Colonial Church.

The Protestant Episcopal Church

114677

BX
5995
B4

114677

Bentley, Walter
Mission Talks

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME
AP 21 '71	

Bentley
Mission talks

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